Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

BLACK-HAWK'S ADDRESS TO HIS WARRIORS.

Where fiercest bowls a shelter made,
Gathered a warlike band,
The moon beams played on the shining blade
Each carried in his hand;
Though moon beams played, on the shining blade,
No tremor they unfold,
The painted streak on each swarthy cheek,
Was fearful to behold.

Their Chieftain mutely unsheling by
Seemed born to be obeyed,
And his heart beat high, as his flashing eye
The wild fierce band surveyed.
His heart beat high, fierce flashed his eye
When thus he them addressed—
The deep tones stir'd, as soon as heard,
Revenge in every breast.

"Our gallant fathers, where are they?
Can echo answer make?
Like ocean's spray, they've passed away—
Awake, then, warriors wake!
My sires like spray, have pass'd away,
Their bones are tombless now.
Exposed are they, to the light of day,
By the white man's plough.

The whites our tribe a falsehood told,
Each belted warrior knows:
For we never sold, for paltry gold,
Earth where our dead repose.
For paltry gold, we've never sold
The lov'd land of our birth;
Our grain they waste, where the hut was plac'd
Remains the roofless hearth.

Arm warriors for the fearful strife,
For hearded vengeance due;
And let the knife, with the tide of life
Be dyed of a crimson hue.
Then let the knife, with the tide of life
No longer glister bright,
But dye each blade, with a purple shade,
To stiest your might.

Chiefs! we are summion'd to the fight,
By voices from the dead!
When the robe of night, has scatter'd light,
They rise from the dreamless bed:
When the robe of night, had scattered light,
I was afraid, appall'd,
For spirits pass'd on the viewless blast,
And for vengeance call'd.

With blazing dooms the night illume,
Sweet is revenge you know;
And my side plume, will throw a gloom
Upon the boldest foe:
My raven plume, will throw a gloom
When in the breeze it shakes,
And foes will die, our battle cry
The infant's slumber breaks.

Our fathers trod the earth we tread,
Lords of these fertile plains—
No trace is seen, that they have been
[illegible]
List! a spirit's voice I hear,
The dead upon us call,
To stain the knife, with the tide of life,
To conquer, or to fall.

The chieftain spoke. His tameless eye
Around with triumph glared,
As the painted band, with axe in hand,
The yell of battle raised:
The painted band, with axe in hand
Prepared for deadly strife,
And each warrior fell, in his hooded belt,
For his keen edg'd knife.

AVON BARD.

From the Lady's Book.

PRIZE TALE.

Mrs. Washington Potts.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Decatur Cannon, an officer in the United States navy, had just returned from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship came into New York; and after he had spent a week with a sister that was married in Boston, he could not resist his inclination to pay a visit to his maternal aunt, who had resided since her widowhood at one of the small towns on the banks of the Delaware.

The husband of Mrs. Marsden had not lived long enough to make his fortune, and it was his last injunction that she should retire with her daughter to the country, or at least to a country town. He feared that if she remained in Philadelphia she would have too many temptations to exercise her taste for unnecessary expense; and that in consequence, the very moderate income, which was all she was able to leave her, would soon be found insufficient to supply her with comforts.

We will not venture to say that duty to his aunt Marsden was the young lieutenant's only incentive to this visit, or she had a beautiful daughter about seventeen, for whom, since his return from abroad, Bromley Cheston had felt something a little more vivid than the usual degree of regard that boyish habit sufficient for their cousins. His family had formerly lived in Philadelphia, and till he went into the navy Bromley and Albina were in habits of daily intercourse. Afterwards, on returning from sea, he always as soon as he set his foot on American ground, began to devise means of seeing his pretty cousin, however short the time and however great the distance. And it was in meditation on Albina's beauty and sprightliness, that he had often, while on watch on the midnight deep, beguiled the long hours of the watch, and thus rendered more tolerable that desolate part of a seaman's duty.

On arriving at the village, Lieutenant Cheston immediately established his quarters at the hotel. Fearing that to become an inmate of his aunt's house might cause her some inconvenience. Though he had performed the whole journey in a steamboat, he could not refrain from changing his nautical breeding his coat sleeves, brushing his hat, brushing his hair, and shaving the chin of his rival. Though he had "proved on his damask cheek," the only change in that damask having been effected by the sun and wind of the ocean.

Mrs. Marsden lived in a small modest looking white house, with a green door and green venetian shutters. In early summer the porch was canopied and perfumed with honeysuckle, and the windows with roses. In front was a flower garden, redolent of sweet peas and mignonette, behind which was a well-stored kitchen garden, and a flourishing little orchard. The premises were amply shaded by the light and graceful foliage of some beautiful locust-trees.

"What a lovely spot," exclaimed Cheston—and immediately—reading—exercise—contentment—peace—simple pleasures—intellectual enjoyments, and various other delightful ideas chased each other rapidly through his mind.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by a black girl named Dreus, who had been brought up in the family, and whose delight on seeing him was so great that "the index went both out, or least partly out." Cheston, however, more than suspected that they were wholly at home, for he saw his aunt peeping over the bannisters, and had a glimpse of his cousin flitting into the back parlour, and besides the whole domicile was evidently in some great commotion, strongly resembling that horror of all men, a house-cleaning. The carpets had been removed, and the hall was filled with the parlour chairs: half of them being turned bottom upwards on the others, while the glasses and pictures from the walls, and he knew that, on such occasions the "ables of a family in middle life are never empty the missing.

"Go and give lieutenant Cheston's compliments to your ladies" said he, "and let them know that he is waiting to see them."

Mrs. Marsden now ran down stairs in a wrapper and morning cap, and gave her nephew a very cordial reception. "Our house is just now in such confusion," said she, "that I have no place to invite you to sit down in except the back porch." And there they accordingly took their seats.

"Do not suppose," continued Mrs. Marsden, "that we are cleaning house; but we are going to have a party to-night, and therefore you are most fortunate in your arrival, for I think I can promise you a very pleasant evening. We have sent invitations to all the most genteel families within seven miles and I can assure you there was a great deal of trouble in getting the notes conveyed. We have also sent to all the strangers from the city, who happen to be boarding in the village; we called on them for that purpose. If all that are invited were to come, we should have a complete squeeze; but unluckily we have received an unusual number of regrets, and some have as yet returned no answers at all. However, we are sure of Mrs. Washington Potts."

"I see," said Cheston, "you are having your parlours papered?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Marsden, "we could not possibly have a party with that old-fashioned paper on the walls, and we sent to the city a week ago for a new one and bring with him some of the newest patterns, but he never made his appearance till last night. After we had entirely given him up, and after we had had the rooms put in complete order in other respect. But he says as the parlours are very small, he can easily put on the new paper before evening, so we thought it better to take up the carpets, and take down the curtains, and undo all that we did yesterday, rather than have to do it after we should look rid-fashioned. I did intend having them painted, which would of course be much better, only that there was no time to get that done before the party, so we must defer the painting now for three or four years till this new paper has grown old."

But where is Albina?" asked Cheston.

"The truth is," answered Mrs. Marsden, "she is very busy making cakes, as in this place we call buy none that are fit for a party. Luckily Albina is very clever at all such things, having been a pupil of Mrs. Goodfellow. But there is certainly a great deal of trouble in getting up a party in the country."

Just then the black girl, Dreus, made her appearance, and said to Mrs. Marsden, "I've been for-that there been you call wanilla, and Mr. Brown says he never heard of such a thing."

"A man that keeps an large a store has no right to be so ignorant," remarked Mrs. Marsden. "Then, Dreus, we must flavour the ice-cream with lemon."

"There isn't no lemons more to be had," said the girl, "and we're just barely enough for the lemonade."

"Then some of the lemons must be taken for the ice-cream," replied Mrs. Marsden, "and we must make out the lemonade with cream of tartar."

"I forgot to tell you," said Dreus, "that Mrs. Jones says she can't spare no more cream, upon no account."

"How vexatious!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "I wish we had two cows of our own—one is not sufficient when we are about giving a party. Dreus we must make out the ice-cream by thickening some milk with eggs."

"Eggs are scarce," replied the girl, "Miss Albina" miss up as many for the cakes."

"She must spare some eggs from the cakes," said Mrs. Marsden, "and make out the cakes by adding a little pearl ash. Go directly and tell her so."

Cheston, though by no means *au fait* to the mysteries of confectionary, could not help smiling at all this making out —"Really," said his aunt, "these things are very annoying. And as this party is given to Mrs. Washington Potts, it is extremely desirable that nothing should fail. There is no such thing now as having company, unless we can receive and entertain them in a certain style."

"I perfectly remember," said Cheston, "the last party at which I was present in your house. I was then a midshipman, and it was just before I sailed on my cruise in the Pacific. I spent a delightful evening."

"Yes I recollect that night," replied Mrs. Marsden. "In those days it was not necessary for you to support a certain style, and parties were then very simple things, even at among people of the first rank. It was thought sufficient to have two or three baskets of substantial cakes at tea, some almonds, raisins, apples, and oranges handed round afterwards, with wine and cordial, and then a large-sized pound-cake at the last. The company assembled at seven o'clock, and generally walked for the ladies dresses were only plain white muslin. We invited but as many as could be accommodated with seats. The young people played at forfeits, and sang Scotch songs, and at the close of the evening danced to the piano. How Mrs. Washington Potts would laugh, if she was to find herself at one of those obsolete parties!"

"The calf-jelly won't be clear," said the black girl, again making her appearance. "Aunt Katy has strained it five times over through the flannen bag."

"Go then and tell her to strain it five-and twenty times," said Mrs. Marsden, angrily—"it must and shall be clear. Nothing is more vulgar than cloudy jelly. Mrs. Washington Potts will not touch it unless it is transparent as amber."

"What, Nong toog now again," said Cheston. "Now, do tell me who is Mrs. Washington Potts?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of her?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Indeed, I have not," replied Cheston. "You forget, that for several years I have been cruising on classic ground, and I can assure you that the name of Washington Potts has not yet reached the shores of the Mediterranean."

"She is wife to a gentleman that has made a fortune in New Orleans," pursued Mrs. Marsden. "They came last winter to live in Philadelphia, having first visited London and Paris. During the warm weather they took lodgings in this village, and we have become quite intimate. So we have concluded to give them a party, previous to their return to United States, which is to take place immediately. She is a charming woman, though she certainly makes arrant mistakes in talking. You have no idea how amiable she is, at least since she returned our call—I wished to be sure, and on the end of a week after Albina and I had sent up to fall down and leave her for no less than five days, that is, from twelve o'clock till three. At last she came, and it would have surprised you to see how affably she behaved to us."

"She really," continued Mrs. Marsden, "grew quite intimate before her visit was over, and took our hands at parting. And as she went out through the garden, she stopped to admire Albina's moss-roses, so we could do no less than give her all that were blown. From this day she always sent us as soon as when she wants flowers."

"No doubt of it," said Cheston.

"You cannot imagine," resumed Mrs. Marsden, "on what a familiar footing we are. She has a high opinion of Albina's taste, and often gets her to make up caps, and do other little things for her. When any of her children are sick, she never sends any where else for currant jelly or preserves. Albina makes gingerbread for them every Saturday. During the holidays she frequently sent her three boys to spend the day with us. There is the very place in the railing where Randolph Potts cut a notch in it, who *left* forever with, because Jefferson had thrown in his face a hot tabled pie which the cunning rascal little rogue had stolen out of old Katy's oven."

In the mean time, Albina had taken off the brown holland bib apron, which she had worn all day in the kitchen, and telling the cook to watch carefully the plum-cake that was baking, she hastened to her room by a back staircase, and proceeded to take the pins out of her hair, for where is the young lady that on any emergency whatever, would appear before a young gentleman with her hair plitted up. Though, just now, the opening out of her curls was a considerable inconvenience to Albina, as she had bestowed much time and pains on putting them up for the evening.

Finally, she came down " in prime array," and Cheston, who had left her a school girl, found her now grown to womanhood and more beautiful than ever. Still he could not forbear reproving her for wearing him so much as a stranger, and not coming to him at once in her morning dress.

"Mrs. Washington Potts," said Albina, "is of opinion that a young lady should never be seen to disadvantage by a gentleman."

Cheston now found it very difficult to hear the name of Mrs. Potts with patience. "Albina," thought he, "is bewitched as well as her mother."

He spoke of his cruise in the Mediterranean, and Albina told him that she had seen a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples, in a souvenir belonging to Mrs. Washington Potts.

"I have brought with me some sketches of Mediterranean scenery," pursued Cheston. "You know I drew a little. I promise myself great pleasure in showing and explaining them to you."

"Oh! do send them this afternoon," exclaimed Albina. "They will be the very things for the centre table. I dare say the Montagues will recognize some of the places they have seen in Italy, for they have travelled all over the south of Europe."

"And who are the Montagues?" inquired Cheston.

"They are a very elegant English family," answered Mrs. Marsden, "cousins in some way to several noblemen."

"Perhaps so," said Cheston.

Albina met with them at the lodgings of Mrs. Washington Potts," pursued Mrs. Marsden, "where they have been staying a week for the benefit of country air; and as soon as she ascertained her card, and sent them invitations to her party. They have as yet returned no answer; but that is no proof they will not come, for perhaps it may be the present fashion in England not to answer notes."

"You know the English are a very peculiar people," remarked Albina.

"And what other lions have you provided?" said Cheston.

"Oh! no others except a poet," replied Albina. "Have you never heard of Bromley Garvin Gandy?"

"Never!" answered Cheston. "Is that all one man?"

"Nonsense," replied Albina. "you know that poets generally have three surnames. B. G. G. was formerly Mr. Bromley Garvin Gandy, when he wrote only for the newspapers, but now since he has come out in the magazines, and pers, but now since he has come out in the magazines, and annuals, and published his great poem of the World of Sorrow, he gives his name at full length. He has tried late, physic, and divinity, and has resigned all for the Muses. He is a great favourite with Mrs. Washington Potts."

"And now, Albina," said Cheston, "as I know you can have but little leisure to-day, I will only detain you while you indulge me with—I hope I shall hear some"—I see the piano you indulge me with—I hope I shall hear some"—I see the piano has been moved out into the porch."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marsden, "on account of the parlour papering."

"Oh! Bromley Cheston" exclaimed Albina, "do not ask me to play any of those antidiluvian Scotch songs, Mrs. Washington Potts cannot tolerate any thing but Italian."

Cheston, who had no taste for Italian, immediately took his hat, and apologizing for the length of his stay, was going away, when Albina thought that Albina had much deteriorated in growing up.

"We shall see you this evening without the ceremony of a further invitation," said Albina.

"Of course," replied Cheston.

"I quite long to introduce you to Mrs. Washington Potts," said Mrs. Marsden.

"What antipathies these women are," thought Cheston, as he hastily turned to depart.

The two plum cakes "burnt to a coal," said Dreus, putting her head out of the kitchen door.

Both the ladies were off in an instant to the scene of disaster. And Cheston returned to his hotel, thinking of Mrs. Potts, (whom he had made up his mind to dislike) of the old-school, that "evil communications corrupts good manners," and of the almost interminable contagion of folly and news," and of the almost interminable contagion of folly and news." I am disappointed in Albina," said he, "in fact, I am thoroughly so." I am disappointed in Albina," said he, "in fact, I am thoroughly so."

Albina hoping none of Mrs. Marsden to interfering over the festive table, took off her silk frock, again pinned up her hair, and joined vociferously in preparing another plum-cake, and pound cake, and a frosting over the whole. A frosting seemed to attract to the confections, as in effect the case, where any thing is attached to their success. The jelly (under importance) is attached to their success. The jelly (under importance) refused to clarify, and the blanc-mange was obstinately unwilling to congeal. The spontaneous having run in leaking had neither shape nor flavour, the lemons declined tasting, and the sponge-cake resuscitated its nature. Some of the things succeeded, but most were complete failures: probably because (as old Katy insisted) "there was a spell upon them." In a city these disasters could easily have been remedied, even at the eleventh hour, by sending to a confectioner's shop, but in the country there is no alternative. Some of these misfortunes might perhaps have been attributed to the subsequent assistance of a mistress maker, that had been sent for from the city to make new dresses for the occasion, and who, on this busy day, being "one of the best creatures in the world," had declared her willingness to turn her hand to any thing.

It was late in the afternoon before the papering was over, and then great indeed was the bustle in clearing away the litter, cleaning the floors, putting down the carpets, and replacing the furniture. In the midst of the confusion, and whilst the ladies were eagerly engaged in fixing the ornaments, Dreus came in to say that Dennis the waiter that had been hired for the evening, had just arrived, and falling to work unasked-for, he had poured all the blanc-mange down the sink, mistaking it for honey-clabber." This intelligence was almost too much to bear, and Mrs. Marsden could scarcely speak for vexation.

"Dreus," said Albina, "you are a raven that has done nothing all day but croak of disaster. Away and shew your face no more, let what will happen."

Dreus departed, but in a few minutes she again put in her head at the parlour door, and said, "Mis'ess, may I just speak one time more?"

"What now," exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Oh! there's nothing else spoiled or flung down the sink, just now," said Dreus, "but something's at hand a heap worse than all. Missis's old aunt Quimby has just landed from the boat and is coming up the road with baggage enough to last all summer."

"Aunt Quimby!" exclaimed Albina, "this indeed caps the climax."

"Was there ever any thing more provoking," said Mrs. Marsden. When I lived in town she annoyed me sufficiently, by coming every week to spend a day with me, and now she does not spend days but months. I would go to Alabama to get rid of her."

"And then," said Albina, "she would come and spend months with us. However, to do her justice, she is a very respectable woman."

"All women are respectable people," replied Mrs. Marsden, "if they were otherwise, it would not be in their power to have us, for we could cut them and cast them off at once. How very unlucky. What will Mrs. Washington Potts think of her—and the Montagues too, if they should come! Still we must not affront her, as you know she is rich."

"What can her riches signify to us," said Albina, "she has a married daughter."

"True," replied Mrs. Marsden, "but you know riches should always command a certain degree of respect, and there are such things as legacies."

"After all, according to the common saying, 'he an ill wind that blows no good,' the parlours having been freshly papered, we can easily persuade aunt Quimby that they are too damp for her to sit in, and so we can make her stay up stairs all the evening."

At the moment the old lady's voice was heard at the door, discharging the porter who had brought her baggage on his wheelbarrow; and the next minute she was in the front entry, where she was met by Albina and her mother astonished, and properly delighted at seeing her last visit after a pause of recollection, suddenly seized the old lady by the arms and conveyed her into the entry, exclaiming,

"Oh! aunt Quimby, aunt Quimby this is no place for you."

"What's the meaning of all this," cried Mrs. Quimby, "why won't you let me stay in the parlour?"

"You'll get your death," answered Mrs. Marsden,—"you'll get the rheumatism. Both parlours have been newly papered, and it was not quite dry, and it was very damp."

"That is bad thing," said Mrs. Quimby,—"a very bad thing—I wish you had put off your papering till next spring. Who'd have thought of your doing it this day of all days."

"Oh! aunt Quimby," said Albina, "why did you not let us know that you were coming?"

"Why, I wanted to give you an agreeable surprise," replied the old lady. "But tell me why the we me are so decked out, with flowers hanging about the looking glasses and lamps, and why the cradle in my room is dressed with cut paper, and why there's a bush that looks like a"

"We are going to have a party to-night," said Albina.—"A party—I'm glad of it. Then I'm just come in the nick of time."

"I thought you had long since given up parties," said Mrs. Marsden, drily.

"No, (indeed—why should I—I always go when I am asked—in be sure, I can't make much figure in parties now, being in my seventy-fifth year. But Mrs. Howell and Mrs. Hopkins, my several cousins of Mrs. Marsden, always invite me to their daughters' parties, along with Mary and I like to sit there and look about me and see people's new ways. Mary had a party herself last winter, and a most off very well, only that both the children came out that the old rat all over in the middle of the night, and the nurse, and it being the first time we ever had ice-cream in the house, Peter, the stupid black boy, not only brought saucers to eat it in, but cups and saucers both."

The old lady was now hurried up stairs, and she showed much dissatisfaction on being told that as the damp parlours would certainly give her death, there was no alternative but for her to remain all the evening in the chamber allotted to her. This chamber, (the best furnished in the house) was also to be "the ladies' room," and Albina somewhat consoled Mrs. Quimby by telling her that as the ladies would come up there to take off their hoods and arrange their hair, she would have an opportunity of seeing them all before they went down stairs. And Mrs. Marsden promised to give orders that a portion of all the refreshments, should be carried up to her, and that Mrs. Marsden, she should sit with her a great part of the evening.

It was now time for Albina and her mother to commence dressing, but Mrs. Marsden went down stairs again with "more last words," to the servants, and Albina to make some change in the arrangement of the centre-table.

She was in a loose gown, her curls were pinned up, and to keep them close and safe, she had tied over her head an old gauze handkerchief. While reading over the memorandum, which with rose leaves scarce of the most beautiful of Mrs. Hemans' poems, and opening two or three souvenirs, at their finest plates, a knock was suddenly heard at the door, which proved to be the baker with the second plumb-cake, it having been consigned to his oven. Albina deemed him to bring it to her, and putting it on the silver waiter, she determined to divide it herself into slices, being afraid to trust that business to any one else, but it should be quite ready cut or broken to pieces, at bring quite warm.

The baker went out, leaving the front-door open, and Albina intent on her task of cutting the cake, did not look up till she heard the sound of footsteps in the parlour, and then what was her dismay on perceiving Mr. and Mrs. Montague and their daughter.

Albina's first impulse was to run away, but she saw that it was now too late; and pale with confusion and vexation, she tried to recover herself sufficiently to make her bow to those off the cradle down with something like address.

It was not yet dusk, the sun being scarcely down, and of all the persons invited to the party, it was natural to suppose that the English family would have come the latest.

Mr. Montague was a long-bodied short-legged man, with round grey eyes, that looked as if they had been put on the outside of his face, the sockets having no apparent concavity, a sort of eye that is rarely seen in an American. He had a long nose, and altogether an unusual quantity of flesh which face was bordered round with whiskers, that began at his eyes and met under his chin, and resembled in texture the coarse wiry fur of a black bear. He kept his hat under his arm, and his whole dress seemed as if modelled from one of the caricature prints of a London dandy.

Mrs. Montague, (evidently some years older than her husband,) was a quondie woman, with features that indeed in of were through a mourning cloak. She had many pounds of yellow curls each, and a tremendous velvet toupee. Her daughter was a tall hoyden girl of seventeen, meant for a child by her parents, but not meaning herself as such. She was dressed in a white muslin frock and trousers, and had a mass of black hair curling on her neck and shoulders.

They all fixed their large eyes directly upon her, and it was no wonder that Albina quailed beneath their glance, or rather their stare, particularly when Mrs. Montague surveyed her through her eye-glass. She hoped they were not looking at her complexion, for she knew that—Mrs.—Miss Martin," said she, "and as you Americans are easily proud, we thought we were only complying with the prejudices of republican manners by coming before dark. We suppose that in general you adhere to the primitive custom of early to bed and early to rise." I forget the remainder of the *theme*, but you know it undoubtedly."

Albina at that moment wished for the province of Bromley Cheston, who never failed to turn off—in short—to find out the Montagues that they were not to assemble earlier than the hour named, and that the unsociable custom of dining at one o'clock still prevailed in England. Albina, however, with great presence of mind, contrived to convey to Mrs. Marsden, that the refreshments should be carried up to her chamber, assuring her that the waiters should be punctually sent up to her—"I do not feel quite ready to go yet," replied Mrs. Quimby. "I am very well here. But you need not mind me. Go back to your company, and talk a little to those fine young girls of the village. I think the nobody has spoken to yet, except Bromley Cheston. When I am ready to go I shall take French leave, as these English people call it."

But aunt Quimby's idea of French leave was very different from the usual acceptation of the term. for having always heard that the French were a very polite people, she concluded that their manner of taking leave must be particularly respectful and ceremonious. Therefore, having paid her parting compliments to Mrs. Potts and the Montagues, she walked all round the room, curtseying to every body and shaking hands, and telling them she had come to take French leave. To put an end to this ridiculous scene, Bromley Cheston, who had been on assiduous duty all the evening, now came forward and taking the old lady's arm in his, offered to escort her up stairs. Aunt Quimby was much flattered by this unexpected civility from the finest looking young man in the room, and she uniformly departed with him, complimenting him on his politeness, and assuring him that he was a real gentleman trying to make out the degree of relationship that existed between them.

"So much for Buckingham," said Cheston, as he ran down stairs after depositing the old lady at the door of her room. "Fools of all ranks and of all ages are to me equally intolerable. I never can marry into such a family."

The party went on.

"In the name of heaven, Mrs. Potts," said Mrs. Montague "what induces you to patronize these people?"

"Why, they are the only tolerable persons in the neighbourhood," answered Mrs. Potts, "and very kind and obliging in their way. I really think Albina a very sweet girl, very sweet indeed: and Mrs. Marsden is rather amiable too, quite sensible. And they are so grateful for any little notice I take of them, that it is really quite affecting. Poor things! how much trouble they have given themselves in getting up this party. They have, as if they had never heard dee's work, and I have no doubt they will be ailing. But I can assure you their means are very small, very small indeed. As to this intolerable old aunt, I never saw her before, and as there is something rather genteel about Mrs. Marsden and her daughter, rather so at least when Albina, I did not suppose they had any such relations belonging to them. I think, in future, I must confine myself entirely to the gentlemen."

"We deliberated to the last moment," said Mrs. Montague, "whether we would come. But as Mr. Montague is invisible no one who is a place."

"I thought I felt strangely chilly all the evening," said Mrs Potts, whose fat had scarcely been at rest five minutes.

The Montagues prepared going away immediately, and Mrs. Potts declared she was most apprehensive for poor little La Fayette. Mrs. Marsden who could not endure the idea of their departing till all the refreshments had been handed round, (the best being yet to come,) took great pains to persuade them that there was no real cause of alarm, as she had had large fires all the afternoon. They held a whispered consultation, in which they agreed to stay for the supper and chicken salad and Mrs. Marsden went out to send them their shawls, with one for La Fayette.

By this time the secret of the newly-papered walls had spread round both rooms: the conversation now turned entirely on colds and rheumatisms: there was much shivering and considerable coughing, and the dismissal fire shawls increased. However, nobody actually went home in consequence."

"Pray," said Miss Montague, "let us all take French leave, and once as the oysters and chicken salad have gone round."

Albina now came up to aunt Quimby, (gladly perceiving that the old lady looked tired,) and proposed that she should return

Cheston had just arrived from New York, having been detained on the way by an accident that happened to one of the boats, and finding that Mrs. Marsden was in town, and had that day sent several messages for him, he repaired immediately to her lodgings. He had intended declining the invitation of Mrs. Potts, but when he found that Albina had gone thither, he hastily changed his dress and went to the party. When he entered, what was his amazement to see her standing alone, in the centre of the room, and the company whispering and gazing at her.

Albina on hearing the voice of a friend, the voice of Dudley Cheston, was completely overcome, and she covered her face and burst into tears. "Albina," said Cheston, "I will not now ask an explanation, I see that, whatever may have happened, you had been so home." "Oh!" she most gladly, most thankfully," she exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate with sobs. Cheston drew her arm within his, and bowing to Mrs. Potts, led Albina out of the apartment and conducted her to the staircase, whence she went to the ladies' room to compose herself a little, and prepare for her departure.

Cheston then sent one servant for a carriage, and another to tell Mr. Potts that he desired to speak with him in the hall. Potts came, out with a pale frightened face, and said —"Indeed, sir—dear sir, I had nothing to do with it: ask the women. It was all them entirely. It was the women that laughed at Miss Albina and whispered about her."

"For what?" demanded the lieutenant. "I insist on knowing for what cause."

Why, sir," replied Potts, "she came here to my wife's party, after Mrs. Potts had sent her a note desiring her to stay away, which was certainly an odd thing for a young lady to do."

"There is some mistake," exclaimed Cheston, "I'll stake my life that she never saw the note. And now, for what reason did Mrs. Potts write such a note? How did she dare—"

"Oh!" replied Potts, stammering and hesitating, "women will have their outings, you are not half as particular about their company. Somehow, after Mrs. Potts had invited Miss Albina, she thought on further consideration that Miss Albina was not quite genteel enough for her party. You know all the women now make a great point of being genteel. But indeed, sir, (observing the storm that was gathering on Cheston's brow) indeed, sir—I was not in the least to blame. It was altogether the fault of my wife."

The indignation of the Lieutenant was so highly excited, that nothing could have checked it but the recollection that Potts was in his own house. At this moment Albina came down stairs, and Cheston took her hand and said to her—"Albina, did you receive a note from Mrs. Potts, interdicting your presence at the party."—"Oh! no, indeed!" exclaimed Albina, amazed at the question. "Surely, she did not send me such a note."—"Yes, she did, though," said Potts quickly.—"Is it then necessary for me to say," said Albina indignantly, "that under those circumstances, nothing could have induced me to enter this house, now or ever. I saw or heard nothing of this note. And is this the reason that I have been treated so rudely?" Upon this Mr. Potts made his escape, and Cheston having put Albina into the carriage, desired the coachman to wait a few moments. He then returned to the drawing-room, and approached Mrs. Potts who was standing with half the company collected round her, and explaining with great volubility the whole history of Albina Marsden. On the appearance of Cheston she stopped short, and all her auditors looked foolish.

The young officer advanced into the centre of the circle, and first addressing Mrs. Potts, he said to her—"In justice to Miss Marsden, I have returned, madam, to inform you that your note of interdiction, with which you have so kindly made all the company acquainted, was all this moment unknown to that young lady. But even had she come willfully, and in the full knowledge of your prohibition, no circumstances whatever could justify the rudeness with which I find she has been treated. I have now only to say, that if any gentleman presumes either here or hereafter to offer a reflection on the conduct of Miss Albina Marsden in this or in any other instance, he must answer to me for the consequences. And if I find that any lady has invidiously misrepresented this occurrence, I shall insist on an atonement from her husband, her brother or her admirer."

He then bowed and departed, and the company looked still more foolish.

"This lesson," thought Cheston, "will have the salutary effect of curing Albina of her predominant follies. She is a lovely girl after all, and when withdrawn from the influence of her mother, will make a charming woman and an excellent wife."

Before the carriage stopped at the residence of Mrs. Marsden, Cheston had made Albina offer of his heart and hand, and the offer was not refused.

Mrs. Marsden was scarcely surprised at the earliness of Albina's return from the party, for she had a secret misgiving that all was not right, that the suppression of the note would not eventuate well, and she bitterly regretted having done it. When her daughter related to her the story of the evening, Mrs. Marsden was overwhelmed with compunction, and though Cheston was present, she could not refrain from acknowledging at once her culpability, for it certainly deserved no softer name. Cheston and Albina were shocked at this disclosure, but in compassion to Mrs. Marsden, they forbore to add to her distress by a single comment. Cheston shortly after took his leave, saying to Albina as he departed—"I hope you are done for ever with Mrs. Washington Potts."

Next morning Cheston seriously but kindly expostulated with Albina and her mother on the folly and absurdity of sacrificing their comfort, their time, their money, and indeed their self-respect to the paltry distinction of being capriciously noticed by a few vain silly heartless people, inferior to the ineffives in every thing but in wealth, and in a slight tincture of the soi-disant fashion, and who, after all, only took them on or threw them off as it suited their own convenience.

"What you say is very true, Bromley," replied Mrs. Marsden. "I begin to view these things in their proper light, and as Albina remarks, we ought to profit by this last lesson. To tell the exact truth, I have heard since I came to town that Mrs. Washington Potts is, after all, by no means in the first circle, and it is whispered that she and her husband are both of very low origin."

"No matter for her circle or her origin," said Cheston, "in our country the only acknowledged distinction should be that which is denoted by superiority of talents and mental acquirements," say lieutenant Cheston escorted Mrs. Marsden and Albina back to their own home—and a week afterwards he was sent unexpectedly on a cruize in the West Indies.

He returned in the spring, and found Mrs. Marsden more rational than he had ever known her, and Albina highly improved by a judicious course of reading which he had marked out for her, and still more by her intimacy with a truly genteel, highly talented, and very amiable family from the eastward, who had recently bought a house in the village, and in whose society she often wondered at the infatuation which had led her so fancy such a woman as Mrs. Washington Potts, with whom, of course, she never had any further communication.

A recent and very large bequest to Brindley Cheston from a distant relation, made it no longer necessary that the young lieutenant should wait for promotion before he married Albina; and accordingly their union took place immediately on his return.

Before the Montagues left Philadelphia to prosecute their journey to the south, there arrived an acquaintance of theirs from England, who injudiciously "told the secrets of his prison house," and made known in whispers "not loud but deep," that Mr. Dudley Montague, of Normancourt Park, Hants, alias, Mr. John Wilkins, of Lamb's Conduit street, Clerkenwell, had long been well known in London as a reporter for a newspaper; that he had recently married a widow, the ci-devant governess of a Somers Town Boarding-school, who had drawn her ideas of fashionable life from the columns of the Morning Post, and who famished her pupils as much to her own profit as she had been able to retire on a sort of fortune. With the assistance of this fund, the and her daughter (the young lady was in reality the offspring of her mother's first marriage) had accompanied Mr. Wilkins across the Atlantic; all three assuming the lordly names of Montague, as one well calculated to strike the republicans with proper awe. The truth was, that for a suitable consideration, proffered by a tory publisher, the soi-disant Mr. Montague had undertaken to add another octave to the numerous volumes of gross misrepresentation and real ignorance that profess to contain an impartial account of the United States of America.

From the Boston Advocate.

Dermot MacMurrah, or the Conquest of Ireland, an historical tale of the twelfth century, in four cantos, by John Quincy Adams.—This is the title of a neat pamphlet of 108 pages, which came from the press of Carter, Hendee & Co. on Saturday.

Dermot, King of Leinster, seizes and carries off Dovergilda, wife of Omric, who, in return, attacks Dermot, and drives him out of the kingdom. He applies to Henry of England for succor, and ravages his kingdom, which he consents to hold in vassalage under the crown of England. Henry availed himself of this claim, and through it achieved the entire conquest of Ireland.

This outline Mr. Adams has wrought up to a beautiful moral, illustrating the true, but as he conceives, false maxim, that History is Philosophy teaching by example; an aphorism, which he says has made a greater fortune in the world than it deserves. "History, as it should be written and read, is the school of morals, teaching sometimes by example, but much more frequently by *admonition*. To test this truth," says Mr. A. "I would ask the young men and women of my native country, who may charge an idle evening with the perusal of the *history* which I now dedicate to them, what sort of *philosophy* would be taught by the *example* of Henry the Second of England, or of Dermot MacMurrah, which resulted in the conquest of Ireland." He adds, with a well deserved sneer, 'David Hume passes for a *philosophical* historian."

In his preface, Mr. Adams says—"The subject was well adapted to the composition of an historical tale, and as such I deliver it to the judgment of my country. It is intended also as a moral tale, teaching the citizens of these States, of both sexes, the virtues of genuine piety, and of devotion to their country, by pointing the finger of scorn at the example six hundred years since, exhibited of a country sold to a foreign invader by the joint agency of violated marriage vows, unprincipled ambition, and religious imposture."

We find the following quotations from the poem, in the Boston Evening Gazette.

"I sing of Dermot, Erin's early pride;
The pious patriot of the Emerald strand;
The first deliver, for a stolen bride
Who sold to Albion's king his native land.
But—countrymen of mine, let wo betide
The man who thinks of aught but what's in hand.
What I shall sell you, happend, you must know,
Beyond the seas, six hundred years ago.

'Tis strange how often readers will indulge
Their wits a mystic meaning to discover;
Secrets ne'er dreamt of by the hind drudge,
And where he shoots a duck will find a plover.
Satire shafts from every line promulge,
Detect a tyrant, when he draws a lover.
Nay, so intent he is when thoughts to see,
Cry, if he paints a scoundrel—"That means me."

"Tis human nature. In old Roman days,
When the sweet Maronian minstrel tuned his lyre,
Sung how Æneas from the Trojan blaze
On his broad shoulders bore away his sire;
Yet scrupled not with vilest arts to raise
In Tyrian Dido's veins, unhallowed fire:
Debauched her, left her, 'wretch'd with scorn and shame,
By self-combustion to redeem her fame.

The Roman delvers straight began to pry
Into the counter nit-bel's toil intent:
Troy's fall, Rome's rise, they found with half an eye,
Was but the outward mask of what he meant:
His patron prince with oil of fools to ply,
They soon discover'd was the poet's bent,
The good Æneas was a wisp of straw:
Augustus Cæsar was the man they saw.

And so for sixteen hundred years and more
That wily knave for Virgil's hero passed;
Till Father Hardouin, versed in classic lore,
To find another clue about him cast:
And, wont in legendary lies to pore,
He delv'd, and delv'd, and delv'd, and found at last,
That Virgil's Æneid was a monkish tale,
In verse, our Saviour's passion to unveil.

Poor Sahgnac! how hard a fate was thine:
Thy pupil, heir apparent to a throne,
Thou drew'st the moral gem from Homer's mine,
And mad'st the Grecian Mussecall thy own,
To teach him wisdom with a voice divine;
This was thy noble purpose, this alone:
But when thou paintedst court and courtesan,
They said 't was Louis and his Montespan.

Against all this I enter my protest:
Dormor Marrogh shows my hero's face;
Nor will I, or in earnest or in jest,
Permit another to usurp his place;
And give me leave to say that I know best
My own intentions to the lines I trace;
Let no man therefore draw aside the screen,
And say 'tis any other than I mean."

For the selection of a hero not honest, the writer thus apologises.

Among the critics it has been of yore,
"A question whether, when he forms his plan,
An epic poet must, to say no more,
Take for his hero a right honest man.
But I for my part hold the rule a bore;
"Twere well to make him honest if you can;
Into another question it must fall;
Where such a hero can be found at all.

"Heroes are much the same (so Pope avers),
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."
But this again, another question stirs;
If after ages have improved the breed!
And to my memory only one occurs
Adapted to disturb the poet's creed.
Will any mortal ask—who is that one?
Name him! Ay! hold a taper to the Sun!

'Tis said, the exception only proves the rule—
All other heroes from the days of Pope,
Compounds have been of madman, knave and fool,
And thus may be defined, without a rope,
All servile followers of the self same school:
Who hang themselves, whenever they have rope.
Till time shall end their merits you may scan
Among them ere you find one honest man.

So far, then, from improvement in the breed,
The scale has fallen since the poet's days—
For Charles of Sweden, raving mad indeed,
Deserves at least of honesty the praise.
Taught Quintus Curtius, when a boy, to read.
It fired his brain, and maddened all his days,
Till he late led him to the Narren strand,
The petty fortress, and the dulious hand."

You, then, who purpose to invoke the Muse,
And in the cause of virtue point the pen,
Need take no thought your subjects when you choose,
To look for heroes among honest men;
Show hearts, fierce passions, lusts to shame the stews,
And mercy, fined for the tiger's dog;
These are your heroes of the last enclosure;
Who blood and slaughter see with dee composure.*

But e'en from these, the moral maxim draw—
Strip off their laurels and expose their liver:
Bound by no tie of liberty or law,
False to their country—traitors to their wives,
Strip to the skin, and hold them out in awe—
Bare to the bone—with lancets and with knives;
And teach the world, from Nimrod down to Nero,
What sort of skeleton can make a hero."

* No allusions, we presume, can be dreamt of here by the reader to a certain famous letter which denounced Mr. Madison as unacquainted with "looking with composure on blood and carnage."—[Ed. N. Y. American.]

Evening Post.

Saturday, Nov— 2—, 1—.

Terms of this paper $3 per annum, in advance.—Six months' subscription $1 50—No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, nor discontinued while any arrearages are unpaid, unless at the option of the publisher.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on Wednesday, Oct. 10th, at the residence of his Father, at Jacob's Town, JOHN BRADDOCK KEMPTON, aged sixteen years. It has seldom fallen to our lot to record the death of one so young, so universally esteemed, so generally lamented. The pride and joy of his parents' hearts, of an amiable and virtuous deportment, he enjoyed in a peculiar degree the confidence of the circle in which he moved. With a steadiness of character that would have done honour to riper years, and with bright prospects of future usefulness, he has been taken thus early from the home of his earthly parents, and from friends who loved him, to repose in the bosom of Him who was his example through life, in death his sure support.

At New Orleans, on the 27th Oct. last, in his 17th year, GOTCHAL D'LANGE, son of Jacob D'Lange, of Philadelphia. This promising youth fell a victim to that scourge of our southern cities, the yellow fever. He died after six days' illness, universally regretted by all who knew him. His amiable and obliging disposition had strongly attached to him a large circle of friends, whilst his talents, which were of no ordinary description, had inspired his relatives with bright anticipations—now, alas! suddenly and forever blighted, of his usefulness and elevation in society. When we contemplate this early and sudden extinction of the hopes that were centred in this much lamented young man, we may well exclaim in the words of one of our own poets—

How does it picture to the thinking mind,
Th' uncertain fate that hovers o'er mankind;
Bids the bold heart its feebleness to know,
And the frail tenure of all joys below!

A remarkable instance of the effects of religious enthusiasm is now creating a considerable excitement in the northern part of the city. A young lady in a high state of enthusiasm suddenly fell into a swoon, and remained in that condition for several days. All efforts to rouse her were found ineffectual. Her eyes were fixed, her limbs immoveable, and her pulse feeble. Her friends, believing her dying, procured medical assistance, and she was at length with great difficulty, called back to a consciousness of life. She awoke as from a dream; said she had been in Heaven and Hell: and told marvellous stories of her discoveries in the course of her migrations. The living and the dead were seen by her in their appropriate state of enjoyment or suffering; and all that was mysterious to her earthly senses was made plain. These things, of course, have excited much surprise among the credulous. We understand her vision has been recorded and will shortly be published.

Among the important subjects that are to occupy the attention of Councils, and which interest the citizens particularly, may be mentioned the proposition to light the city with gas—the subject is referred to joint committee; the resolution adopted to make inquiries as to what alterations are necessary in the ordinance disposing of the business arising out of Mr. Girard's legacy; the proposition to subscribe to the stock of a canal round the western abutment of the permanent bridge, the fund first raised having been found insufficient; and a proposition to render the permanent bridge free of tolls.

A singular illustration of the observation of an actor, "that a man cannot recollect a thing for ever," upon being reproached with not knowing his part on the twentieth repetition of the play, occurred on Saturday night at the Chesnut street theatre. Rowbotham, who has so long and so excellently sustained the character of the Baron Pampolini, stuck, as the technical phrase goes, in the song "Ye tormentors!" Finding himself at fault, he stopped, requested the orchestra to begin again, and apologized to the audience for the failure of his memory. The second time he made the same blunder in the words. However, he scrambled through, and finished the song amid the applause of the audience. He has certainly played the part between twenty and thirty times without meeting with a similar difficulty.

GRIMOD.—It is said of this celebrated man that when he made love to Mademoiselle Crochod, and went down on his knees, she was obliged to ring the bell for the footman to help him up again. It was certainly a circuitous step for him to take, and more particularly so as he was remarkably fat. He could not well do more for her, or get into a worse scrape. It was the "*knee plus ultra*." His declare and fall.

A genuine Jonathan who had long been paying attention to farmer C——'s daughter Sally, invited his dearly beloved to ride to the store with him. They arrived and after looking at all the pretty things, said Jock, 'Mr. ——, draw me a glass of gin and sweeten it well with molasses.' It was done, and Jonathan swallowed it at a draught, then, smacking his lips, he turned round and thus addressed his dearly beloved. '*I say, Sal, that was darn good, why don't you buy a glass for yourself?*'

Several hundred fine hogs have fallen the prize of the city authorities within a few days past. It will be remembered, by those owning these animals, that there is no redemption, as is the case with *dogs*; but when taken are sacrificed. Twelve or fifteen fine large fellows are almost every evening turned at liberty from a pen, whence has emanated a very bad odour during the past summer, on the south side of Vine street, between Eighth and Ninth streets. These would be a sad loss to the owner if the *Philadelphia* were to fall upon them.

COUNTERFEITING.—We find the following among the police reports of the Boston Traveller of Friday last: "Yesterday one George Veazie was arraigned, charged with having, the Saturday evening previous, attempted to pass, knowing them to be such, two counterfeit $10 bills of the Suffolk Bank; that at sundry times and places during that evening he had tendered the same, and at one place in particular had succeeded in passing one of them. The bills were so well executed, and the signatures so closely imitated, that the president of the bank said that he could not have sworn that he had not signed them, except that in the year 1822, which date the bills bore, he was not president of the institution. No evidence in justification of Veazie's conduct was adduced, and he was ordered to recognise in the sum of $1000 for his appearance at the Municipal Court. He is a young man of respectable appearance, has a wife, and resides in this city."

SHOCKING CASUALTY.—The Painsville (Ohio) Telegraph, of a late date, has the following:—"On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Ingley, of Auburn, in this county, was returning home in a state of intoxication, and fell into the ditch by the side of the road: A man passing by, discovered him in that situation, and mistook him for a bear. He returned about half a mile to a tavern; made known his situation; procured a rifle and a light, and went back in company with three or four others, and when they arrived within about fifteen feet of him, still lying helpless in the ditch, they were so confident that it was a bear, that one of them immediately fired, and killed him instantly. So far as we have been informed, no evil attaches to any one; it appears to have been wholly a mistake, occasioned by the darkness of the night, and his lying in the situation above described."

The whole length of the Ohio Canal is just *three hundred and ten miles*. In the greater part of its course, it passes through the most fertile and populous districts of the State. On that portion of it which was first completed, a marked, and apparently, permanent, prosperity is exhibited. Villages, teeming with inhabitants, alive with enterprise, and presenting scenes of bustle and business, now decorate its banks, where ones, four and five years since, were not reached from the gloom of the wilderness. An uninterrupted water communication now exists from Cincinnati, in common with all the western towns, situated on the Ohio River, to New York.

The Cambria Spy, says:—"Fifteen sections of the Allegheny Portage Rail-road are now finished and prepared for laying the rails. It is expected that thirty sections will be completed by the first of next month. Twenty miles of the road, including portions of unfinished sections, are now graded and prepared for the rails. If no disappointment should occur in the delivery of the rails, we anticipate the pleasure of a rapid ride over the whole course early in the next season. We would be happy in sharing our pleasure with any of our editorial brethren. We promise them a quick passage over the Allegheny mountains—a pure breeze, and picturesque and romantic scenery."

It is to be feared that the cholera has found its way to Charleston, S. C. from the infected brig mentioned on Saturday. One death had occurred in the town; and according to the official reports, as mentioned in the Patriot of the 5th inst., it appears that there have occurred 9 cases of cholera, and 4 deaths at Folly Island, since the landing of the crew at that place. Five remained in the hospital, said to be convalescent, and no new case had occurred since the previous Friday. These cases, in the opinion of the Deputy Port Physician, were generally the result of irregular habits combined with great exposure.

During service at the Methodist Church at Rockaway, on Sunday the 27th ult. the dresses of 15 or 20 females were cut and injured by some mischievous and evil designed persons. The Rev. Mr. Rushmore performed the service, soon after which the depredation was discovered. The injury done the [illegible] appeared to have been effected [illegible] other sharp instrument. The perpetrators of so gross an outrage upon the feelings of a religious society, deserve to be severely punished.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION OF LIFE.—On Wednesday the 10th ult., two boys, sons of Jacob Hileman, (Innkeeper) of this township, went to a wood not far distant from their father's residence for the purpose of collecting chesnuts. The younger, John Smith Hileman, aged about fifteen years, ascended a lofty tree, that was almost destitute of branches, except at the top, with the view of shaking or whipping off the nuts, with which the branches so plenteously abounded. But thrilling to relate, the branch on which he stood, (being about the thickness of a man's wrist) split from the body of the tree, and left him suspend for a moment from an upper branch, that he, in his perilous situation had grasped. In that awful predicament his hold soon broke—he was precipitated to the earth, a distance of sixty-seven feet. The instant he struck the ground (not long long in his descent, there being nothing to annoy his course) he bounded on his feet, embraced his astonished brother, made a few dolorous enquiries, and then sunk apparently senseless, and almost lifeless in his arms. He was conveyed to the house of Mr. William Barrett, a few rods distant, writhing in the greatest agony and distress. The medical aid of Drs. Kennedy and Bye, was immediately procured, and every assistance rendered that medical skill, parental affection, and sincere friendship could produce. He was much deranged internally, yet no cut or contusion appeared without. Under their assidious attendance and profound skill, we are happy to relate that he is fast recovering.—*West Chester (Pa.) Register.*

COST OF CHOLERA.—In New York, there was appointed a special medical committee of eight physicians during the prevalence of the cholera. The president of this board received $25 per day—his whole receipts were $1525. The other members received $15 per day. The aggregate of their compensation was $7800. The attendant physicians at the several hospitals, and their assistants, who perilled their lives by continued exposure and unmitigated labor, received various sums, from $600 to $150.

The whole expenditures of the city of New York on account of the cholera, were $110,000, of which nearly $10,000 in lumber will be available. One hundred thousand dollars at least were expended, besides the private contributions.

BALTIMORE PENITENTIARY.—It appears from the report of the keeper, that on the 20th of October last, there were 368 persons confined in the Maryland Penitentiary—305 males and 63 females. The males are engaged in weaving, warping, dyeing, comb-making, cordwaining, sawing stone, smithing, carding wool, writing, tailoring, cooking and baking, carpentering, &c.—the females in carding and spinning, spooling, binding shoes, knitting, sewing, washing, &c. The prison is reported to be in excellent order, and the prisoners enjoy excellent health.—Only seventeen fell victims to the Cholera during its recent existence in Baltimore, although a large number were attacked. Dr. Bayley is the prison physician, and his services are spoken of in the report in the most commendable manner.

The Steamboat Volcano ran upon a snag in the Mississippi, on the 22d ult., about twelve miles above Fort Adams, and was much injured by a log which pierced the larboard bow and forecastle deck. The boat remained all night in imminent danger, and when the day dawned was found to be fast sinking. Fortunately the aperture was stopped, and on Thursday the 25th, she reached New Orleans in safety.

WHITE LIGHTS FOR SIGNALS.—A mystery was long made, says a foreign journal, of this composition, which throws out an extremely vivid and white light, on being set fire to. It consists of 24 parts in weight of saltpetre finely powdered, 2 of red arsenic, and 3 of flour of sulphur. The whole, being well mixed, is put into boxes adapted to the purpose. A round box, of six inches diameter and three inches high, will burn about three minutes.

A grape vine consisting of a single stem, standing in the garden of Jacob Meisser, Esq. in Bern township, Berks county, Pa., produced on its branching vines 1228 bunches of grapes, taken down a few days ago. We understand, says the Columbian (S. C.) Times, that the vineyards of Mr. Geigher, of Lexington district, have produced, the present season, upwards of 6,500 gallons of wine, from the bland Virginia and Madeira grapes.

The Jackson Electoral ticket has succeeded in the city of Baltimore by an average majority of 775 votes. Heath, whose vote is largest on the Jackson ticket, received 5025 votes; and Stewart, who has the highest on the anti-Jackson, received 42[illegible] than

The Presidential Election.

Votes given on the second of November, for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, compared with those given on the ninth of October last, for Governor of the State of Pennsylvania.

Names of the Cities and Counties of Pennsylvania.	GOVERNOR.		ELECTORS.	
	Wolf.	*Ramsey.*	*Jackson.*	*Wirt.*
Adams,	1000	1079	1071	1262
Allegheny,	2091	3508	3321	2985
Armstrong,	1975	966	1456	429
Beaver,	1440	1481	1360	1389
Bedford,	1037	1561	1090	619
Berks,	3758	3439	3472	1150
Bradford,	1685	930	1598	1221
Bucks,	3302	2862	2980	3011
Butler,	1204	1022	1076	641
Cambria,	308	340	344	94
Centre,	1930	1016	1235	
Chester,	2374	4301	2748	4267
Clearfield,	513	288	520	207
Columbia,	1768	849	1656	404
Crawford,	1502	895	1470	1130
Cumberland,	2226	1807	2150	1207
Dauphin,	1575	2285	1595	1348
Delaware,	918	1291	955	1423
Erie,	1170	1792	1049	1494
Fayette,	2430	1806	2647	1176
Franklin,	2234	2516	1979	2176
Greene,	1008	1255	1443	308
Huntingdon,	1657	2189	1510	1141
Indiana,	813	1106	654	563
Jefferson,	245	175	100	
Juniata,	687	692	575	268
Lancaster,	4124	6387	4061	5140
Lebanon,	1602	1906	1094	985
Lehigh,	1564	1624	1544	933
Luzerne,	2064	1566	1709	1325
Lycoming,	1729	989	1543	699
Mercer,	1317	1553	1257	1124
Mifflin,	792	834	764	454
Montgomery,	2972	2932	3315	2507
Northampton,	2370	1920	2786	1091
Northumberland,	1415	1082	1464	411
Perry,	1284	697	1021	346
Philadelphia City,	3558	4957	3207	5476
Philadelphia County,	6265	5959	6700	6423
Pike,	613	71	509	42
Potter & M'Kean,	368	37	300	
Schuylkill,	1928	954	1270	492
Somerset,	744	1855	728	614
Susquehanna,	1146	475	212	
Tioga,	710	441	502	
Union,	1021	2131	1057	664
Venango,	1261	408	852	
Warren,	450	216	300	
Washington,	2749	2388	3125	1888
Wayne,	606	241	275	
Westmoreland,	3542	1549	3419	861
York,	2357	2367	3152	1451
Total,	91,335	88,186	87,380	63,147
Jackson's majority,			24,253.	

HABITS OF ECONOMY.—"A slight knowledge of human nature will show," says Mr. Colquhoun, "that when a man gets on a little in the world, he is desirous of getting on a little further." Such is the growth of provident habits, that it has been, if a journeyman lays by the first five shillings his fortune is made. Mr. William Hall, who has bestowed great attention on the state of the laboring poor, declares he never knew an instance of one who had saved money coming to the parish. And he adds: moreover, those individuals who saved money are better workmen; if they do not the work better, they behave better, and are more respectable; and I would sooner have in my trade a hundred men who save money, than two hundred who would spend every shilling they get.

In proportion as individuals save a little money their morals are much better; they husband their little, and there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better for knowing they have a little stake in society. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that habits of thoughtfulness and frugality are at all times of immense importance.—*Wilderspin's Early Discip.*

TRAVELLERS.—A recent visit to Boston has fully convinced us of the truth and propriety of the following observations, made by a correspondent of Poulson's Daily Avertiser:

"In every steamboat, and at every public house, are to be seen show-bills hung up in frames, informing where various articles of merchandise or accommodations may be obtained. Let similar ones be provided for each boat and house, apprising the stranger, that such and such charges only should be demanded by the porters for carrying luggage, and that the waiters are forbidden to ask money of the guests. For example—sometimes before a boat arrives at her place of destination, you are importuned by half a dozen or more of hungry lounds, with the question,—'any baggage to take up, sir?' A porter will collect six, eight, or ten trunks upon his wheelbarrow, destined to various parts of the city; you must either follow him [illegible] and if you are liable to be insulted. Thus a porter will collect from $1 50 to $2 50 for about an hour's work, and this not for one day in the week, but for every day; consequently their situations must be very lucrative, or the captains and landlords get their services gratuitously. Take the case of Philadelphia. Would it not be better that one porter should be allotted to one public house, and another to a second, &c., instead of each porter collecting all he can get? Let every porter or barrow have a label, designating that such a one goes to the United States' Hotel, another to the Mansion House, another to Heiskell's, and so on; and let the fee be fixed at 12½ cents instead of 25. In fact, I have not the least doubt, that the proprietor of a public house would find it to his advantage to employ a porter to carry the baggage to and fro *gratuitously*. It is not the sum paid which is complained of, but the frequency of the call, and the inadequacy of the service to the compensation.

"There is another petty grievance, which, however, is not generally, though it is frequently met with, that is double price for cleaning boots and shoes, or shaving and for articles kept on board steamboats—if the *articles* pay dearly for the privilege of attending to customers, the proprietors ought to have the good sense to reduce the rent on consideration. I speak my own feelings, and doubtless the feelings of thousands of others, when I say that I would rather pay $5 for my passage from one place to another, if I were certain that would be the extent of the demands upon my purse, than I would pay $1 for the same conveyance, and be importuned by a dozen porters or waiters; and I would rather walk half a mile in a thunder shower, to get shaved for 6¼ cents, the common price, than gratify the cupidity of any one by stepping into an adjoining room, for which I should be charged 12½ cents. Again, I say, it is not the sum, but the principle of the thing."

AMERICAN COURTS OF JUSTICE.—I never went into a Court house in the west, in summer, without observing that the judges and lawyers had their feet invariably placed upon the desks before them, and raised much higher than their heads. This, however, is only in the western country; for in the courts at Orleans, New York and Philadelphia, the greatest order and regularity is observed. I had been told that the judges often slept upon the bench; but I must confess that although I have entered court houses at all seasons, during the space of fifteen months, I never saw an instance of it. I have frequently remonstrated with the Americans on the total absence of forms and ceremonies in their courts of justice, and was commonly answered, "Yes, that may be quite necessary in England, in order to over-awe a parcel of ignorant creatures, who have no share in making the laws; but, with us, a man's a man, whether he have a silk gown on or not; and I guess he can decide quite as well without a big wig as with one. You see we have done with wiggery of all kinds, and if one of our judges was to wear such an appendage, he'd be taken for a merry andrew, and the court would become a kind of show box; instead of such arrangements producing with us solemnity, they would produce nothing but laughter and the greatest possible irregularity."—*Ferrall's Rambles in America.*

THE ARMY—TEMPERANCE.—The following order, bearing date November 2d, has been issued from the War Department:—

1. Hereafter no ardent spirits will be issued to the troops of the United States, as a component part of the ration, nor shall any commutation in money therefor be paid to them.

2. No ardent spirits will be introduced into any fort, camp, or garrison of the United States, nor sold by any sutler to the troops. Nor will any permit be granted for the purchase of ardent spirits.

Under the authority vested in the President by the 8th section of the act of Congress of April 14th, 1818, the following changes will be made in the ration issued to the army:

3. As a substitute for the ardent spirits issued previously to the adoption of the general regulation of November 20th, 1830, and for the commutation in money prescribed thereby, eight pounds of sugar and four pounds of coffee will be allowed to every one hundred rations. And at those posts where the troops may prefer it, ten pounds of rice may be issued to every one hundred rations, in lieu of the eight quarts of beans allowed by the existing regulations.

4. These regulations will not extend to the cases provided for by the act of Congress of March 2d, 1819, entitled, "An act to regulate the pay of the army when employed on fatigue duty," in which no discretionary authority is vested in the President, nor to the necessary supplies to the hospital department of the army.

The Boston Transcript says, that Seth Sommer was, on complaint of Colonel Amory, Chief Engineer, sentenced to pay the costs of Court, and give bonds in the sum of $50 to keep the peace, for raising a false alarm by crying "Fire!" in Washington street, on Wednesday evening. (This is an example which might very properly be followed.)

STRANGE INFATUATION.—A week or two since, we mentioned the trial of Benjamin Pickard, at Mount Clemens, for the murder of John Stephenson, on or about the 20th of November, 1830, at Clinton township, Macomb county. Since then, we have been politely favored with a full report of the trial, but decline publishing it at present, as George Carpenter, at whose shanty Pickard, Snyder and Stephenson worked previous to the murder, and with whom, owing to a jealousy on account of Carpenter's supposed mistress, Stephenson had often quarrelled, has been recently arrested by the Attorney General of Upper Canada, at the governor of this territory, and now lies in prison charged with the same murder. But Pickard's story, proved on the trial to have been related by him at several times and places, presents such a confused medley of the marvellous, that we will take the substance of the testimony given by John Meek, Edwin Fitch, and Daniel Corbee.

——John Meek saw prisoner in the fall of 1830, at the time Stephenson was missing, at Mr. Corbee's in Wayne county. Prisoner told him that he supposed Stephenson was dead, and that it was his belief that he had hung himself—that one evening, Stephenson got somewhat deranged, and that a handkerchief was put into his mouth, and, when taken out, it was bloody. The next morning, prisoner went to work on a log; and that, while at work there, Stephenson came out towards him; he asked him, (Steph.) "how he felt?"—and he replied "that he felt very well." Stephenson then walked off to a tree, got to talking, apparently directing his discourse up to the tree, as though some person were in it. After some time prisoner stepped down to the tree, to ascertain whom Stephenson was talking to. When he got there, Stephenson started to run from the tree, and prisoner went back to chopping. He had no sooner returned, than he he heard a voice calling—"Ben, come here!"—and repeated. After some time, he (pris.) went to the spot where he thought the voice came from, but could see nor hear nothing. He then went into the shantee to get something to eat; and there a head, about the size of a water-bucket, half human, half brutal, appeared to him and spoke to him. The head stated that "it wanted a drink of water." Prisoner replied, that "it (the head) was nearer the water than he was, and might get a drink itself." The head kept asking for water, and prisoner rose up to get it a drink, when it disappeared. The prisoner then asked Snyder if he saw that head, who said not. Prisoner then said he would stay there no longer. So they prayed, fixed up, and started off. It then grew dark *"all at once."* Snyder and prisoner got separated. Prisoner hallooed to Snyder, but couldn't hear him reply. He then travelled on, and *"it became light all at once."* Something resembling a man passed by, which he took to be Snyder. After it got a few steps by him, instead of a real skin cap, it had on a leather hat. He then found it was not Snyder. He now fell in company with three more men, who came out of the brush. When together, they kept hallooing to him "to come to them—that there was the path." They kept on, and he followed, until they got to Hell. He was detained there awhile, and saw the devil, the young devils, and other machinery. They (the devils or apparitions) took him from hell, and put him on an island. He travelled two days and two nights without being able to get off this island. The first place in which he found himself after this, was on the back part of Jim Brown's shantee.

Edwin Finch gave similar testimony. He had held some conversation with prisoner the latter part of November, 1830, on the Gratiot road, about five miles from Mount Clemens. On asking the prisoner "how turnpiking went," he "damned the turnpiking," because he had been troubled with witches or devils for three or four days back; and they had been riding and tormenting him. He also stated that Stephenson was crazy; that he wanted to go into the woods; that they endeavored to prevent him, but he finally went off, that somebody had been calling on him, and that he (Stephenson) went into the woods. He (prison.) was making a fire, and the devil came to him and wanted some water to drink. Prisoner told him (the devil) *"that he could help himself."* The devil told him again and he started to get some, but the devil then disappeared. Prisoner then told Snyder he would stay no longer, but would go to a neighboring shantee, (Jim Brown's) and off they started. After going a short distance total darkness overtook them. They were parted. Somebody behind spoke to him (pris.) and asked him where he was going. He replied he was going to Brown's. This person (whom he took to to be Snyder) said he was wrong. He turned round, followed, and found he was going wrong. Presently three others came up, passed him, and tried to coax him along. But he stopped and would not go any farther with them. They went on, and left him a spell. By and by, they came back as if with a company of artillerymen, and music of all descriptions. Prisoner stated that they tormented him so much about his two days and two nights, in the woods, without any thing to eat or drink. And then they took him to an island, from which he could not escape. He found there a craft which was boating wood to Hell; he tried to get on it, but repeatedly failed in his attempts. While on this island, there was a devil who tormented him and tried to kill him. He had a human figure, but large eyes. He would come after him, turn round, and then dart behind the trees. Priso

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl. fresh from wagons, ...96 25
Ry. do. do. do. ... 3 75
BUCKWHEAT, per bushel, ... 2 50
RYE, do. ... 80
CORN, per bushel, ... 60
CLOVER SEED, per bushel, ... none
TIMOTHY SEED, do. ... 4 00
REED do. do. ... none
BARLEY, Good, do. ... 1 00
FLAXSEED, do. ... 1 00
OATS, from wagons, do. ... 45
WHISKEY, do. per gallon, in bbls. ... 30
Do. do. do. in bbls. ... 31
COTTON, per lb. ... 13
BUTTER, No. 1, in kegs, per lb. ... 11
EGGS, per dozen, ... 13
SALT, Ground, per bushel, ... 50½
do. fine do. ... 58
LARD, per lb. Western, ... 9
TALLOW, do. ... 10
FRESH BEEF, ... 10
HAMS, Western, per lb. ... 9
BACON, do. do. ... 9
BEESWAX, do. ... 22
LINSEED OIL, do. ... 95
FEATHERS, do. ... 48
COMMON WOOL, washed, ... 22 to 25
FINE do. from Grenada and La Plata, per lb. ... 17 to 18
LEATHER SOLE, ... 19 to 20
LUMBER—White Pine boards, per 1000 ft. ... $15 to 20
Yellow Pine, ... 12 to 14
Oak, ... 11 to 12
Hemlock, do. ... 6 to 7
Shingles, ... 16 to 22

THE MARKET.—The sales of Superfine Flour for export since last report amount to 5000 barrels, at $6.75; the stock continues low, and holders firm at the price. A lot of 111 barrels Rye Flour sold at $4.25. No sales of Corn Meal reported. But little Grain at Market; one cargo Delaware Wheat sold at last at 110 cents, and sales from store at 120 cents. Corn is scarce and in demand at last week's prices; sales of Pennsylvania at 81 cents, and Southern Yellow at 78½ a 79 cents. Oats 37 cents, sales. Flaxseed is freely offered at $1.05. Rye sells at 78 a 73 cents. Linseed Oil is lower, sales at 88 cents in barrels, and 90 cents in kegs, from store. Mackerel are higher, sales of No. 1, at $6.75; No. 2, at $5 a $5.25, and No. 3, at $3.12½ a $3.25. Plaster has been sold at $1.75 and Liverpool Ground Salt at 40 cents, afloat. Sugars have been in better request; sales of New Orleans, common to prime in small lots at 6¾ a 8¾, at Porto Rico, 9½. Coffee sales of Coffee are making at former rates. Cotton has been sold in small lots at higher prices than reported in our last; some lots prime Georgia brought 13½ a 13 cents.

Extract from the Sales of Public Stock, in this City, during the past week.

		Per	Price
200	Philadelphia Fives redeemable in 1840, at	110	100
100	Lehigh scrip, do.	1828, at 1861	100
20	Chinese Bank of the United States,	115	100
10	do. do. do.	116	100
7	do. do. do.	116½	110
20	do. do. do.	116½	100
33	do. Farmers and Mechanics Bank,	68	80
5	do. Mechanics Bank	49	35
10	do. Girard Bank,	30½	20
30	do. do. do.	30½	20
30	do. Western Bank,	28	25
20	do. do. do.	34½	25
11	do. Manufacturers & Mechanics Bank,	92	80
30	do. Moyamensing Bank,	21	20
20	do. do.	93	10
21	do. Lehigh Coal & Navigation,	1	par
6	do. Camden and Amboy Rail Road,	152	100
17	do. Philadelphia Germantown, and Norristown Rail Road,	14	50

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
Saturday, November 17, 1832.

"To Mary," by J. H. W. we decline inserting.

Charades, Enigmas, and Questions, have of late, anticipated upon us in greater number than we think advisable to publish. Several solutions to A. J. P.'s question published in the Post of the 29th ult. have been received, some of which will be inserted next week.

We find nothing in the articles furnished by "E. A." particularly worthy of commendation.

Gilgotha is unintelligible.

"The Blind Man's Wife," by Austine, will be published.

"The Triumph of Liberty and Republicanism"—an excellent article, and well written—we hope to find room for shortly.

"A Fragment," by Hope, we have concluded, with some reluctance, to lay aside. The incidents detailed are too extravagant, even for German romance.

"The Broken Leg," is on file.

We received, a day or two since, from the Post Office, a letter, dated and postmarked "Brookville," in which we are requested to forward a copy of the Post to the address of a gentleman named. We would comply with pleasure, did we know which of the many Brookville's is the place intended. Referring to the Post Office book, we find a Brookville in Maine, another in New York, a third in Virginia, a fourth in Pennsylvania, a fifth in Maryland, and a sixth in Indiana; and as the letter bears the initials of neither of these states, we presume the writer must reside in Canada or New Brunswick!

Postmasters would do an essential benefit by adding the name of the state to the regular postmark, on all letters forwarded. This would give us a clue to find the residence of the writer, in instances like the present.

MADAME DOMERGUE.—The following, from a foreign paper, furnishes a complete exemplification of the old adage, that one error invariably leads to others. A gentleman being suddenly called out of his room on business, left upon the table a bill of exchange he had just received. Whilst his wife was engaged in bathing her infant, another child, a few years older, took the bill and tore it to pieces. The father entering at the moment, became so enraged, that he gave the child a violent blow on the head, and it fell lifeless to the ground. The mother dropped her infant into the bathing tub, and ran towards her elder child, but her assistance was of no avail. In her despair, she forgot the younger child for a few minutes, and on returning to the tub found her infant drowned.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOLS.—A Convention of Delegates of the Georgia Presbyterian Education Society, was held recently at Macon, at which it was resolved to establish a Manual Labor School, in the vicinity of that town. The purpose is, to educate young men for the ministry. They have directed the purchase of a plantation for the use of the *beneficiaries*,—upon which the members of the school are required to labor at least three hours daily, and such further time as the Directors may require. The funds of the plantation be regulation of labor; admission of members, &c. &c., are to be managed by the Education Society, through its Directors.

LAUREL HILL.

One of the most pleasant and comfortable places of resort in the vicinity of Philadelphia, is Laurel Hill, fronting on the Ridge turnpike, about four miles from the city, and extending west to the river Schuylkill, which it overlooks from a high, projecting bank. The grounds are most beautifully laid out in walks, and well shaded with every variety of trees. The mansion-house, ball-rooms, dining apartments, stabling, and other buildings, are of a convenient and substantial character, and the apartments of the main building, the most comfortably arranged and furnished for the accommodation of visitors.

The splendid terrace has recently been thoroughly relaid and re-established, and placed in charge of Mr. J. J. Rodrigues, formerly proprietor of the American Coffee House. This gentleman re-opened the place for the reception of company, on Saturday last, and repeats an invitation a number of his personal friends, and several members of the corps editorial, were present, and partook of a sumptuous entertainment, served up in the best style.

Mr. Rodrigues is a careful, attentive, and obliging caterer, and in every respect well qualified for the duties of his new station. Under his superintendance we have no hesitation in believing Laurel Hill will readily acquire a high degree of popularity.

National School Manual.

Messrs. Carey & Lea, of this city, have just published a series of works, consisting of four volumes, under the title—*National School Manual*—designed to furnish a complete system of English education, in an uniform mode of instruction. The original plan, which in these four works is carried into effect, suggested itself to the late De Witt Clinton, when he was laboring to establish, in the state of New York, a general system of Public Schools. His ideas of elementary instruction were submitted to Mr. M. R. Bartlett, by whom the works before us have been compiled. That this gentleman has succeeded in arranging a plan for the easy attainment of instruction by the juvenile mind, we fully believe; and it affords us pleasure to add our assent to the following remarks upon the merits of the several numbers, from the pen of the editor of the United States Gazette. The volumes are—

The Clinton Primer, for Common Schools, a small 12mo of 48 pages, commencing with the alphabet and closing with short reading lessons. The words in the first part are illustrated with cuts, and short sentences accompany. Figures are early introduced, in the most simple form, and each lesson advances with the supposition that its predecessor has been comprehended.

The National School Manual, Part I.—This is a small 12mo. of about 106 pages. This volume also commences with the alphabet and the power of letters, and proceeds immediately to their combination, with rules and explanations, followed by reading lessons of short words, and these lessons are followed by questions upon their import. When the lessons for spelling and reading short words are passed, counting numbers are introduced, and arithmetic is then blended with the other lessons of the book, progressing slowly, so that the full value of figures, in every position, may be comprehended—the most ample forms of expression being used, and the lessons for many pages being confined to the first use of figures. Arithmetic is carried in this volume to easy sums in division, and the arithmetical tables are introduced. Easy words of three syllables are in the spelling columns, and easy reading lessons accompany them.

The National School Manual, Part II.—This is a duodecimo of over 300 pages, commencing with the school studies where the second part closes. The author here commences his peculiar mode of teaching correct reading—here he commences arithmetic as a regular study, the previous exercises being only preparatory, but very important. Grammar, too, is here commenced.

The author proceeds with rules for reading, as regularly and comprehensively as he does with those of arithmetic, and emphasis, tone, &c., become matters for rule. A sign of accent is placed over emphatic words, and the whole is so hedged round with rules and observations, that the scholar must be dull indeed, not to comprehend and practice the rules of the author.

Geography, Natural History, and Natural Philosophy are introduced—arithmetic is continued to the full extent of the customary school text books.

National School Manual, Part III.—This is a still larger volume; it carries on the subjects continued in the antecedent number, and introduces the scholar to higher studies including history, the elements of geometry, and the higher parts of grammar. Lessons upon the laws and constitution of the country are added, and a few forms of book keeping, bonds, indentures, &c. The fourth part will be soon published, and a large atlas to illustrate the geographical lessons.

The advantages of the "National School Manual" consist in the arrangement of the lessons, so that the master and scholar are both apprised "of what the day must bring forth." This commingling of lessons will not do in schools were parents undertake to dictate to the teacher what the child shall learn. The author goes on the supposition that the teacher is the schoolmaster, and that there is between him and the parent a mutual desire that the scholar shall learn as much as he can as soon as he can. Whenever the National School Manual is introduced, it will bring order into the studies; whatever is to be done is presented. The teacher will, of course, aid; but the whole is so simplified, that instead of allowing a schoolmaster ten years of life, we should suppose that twelve or fifteen might be considered possible to him, with the use of this series of books. We ask the attention of teachers to the work. They know the advantage of order and precision—all know the advantage of a similarity of lessons. The cost of this series of about 1400 pages, besides the atlas of twenty maps, will be between three and four dollars—an immense saving.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From an article in a late number of the London Literary Gazette, we learn that Sir Walter Scott was born August 15, 1771, and was but little advanced in his sixty-second year when he died—the victim no doubt of excessive intellectual exertion. He has left two sons, one in the army, and one in foreign office—also two daughters, Mrs. Lockhart and Miss Anne Scott. It is apprehended by the writer in the Gazette that Sir Walter died a poor man; and that the fields he adorned, the castle he built, and the immense mass of literary and antiquarian curiosities he collected about him, will pass from the possession of his children, and be dispersed for ever.

The last scene in the life of the immortal bard is thus described:—"At half past one on Friday, the 21st, Sir Walter Scott breathed his last, surrounded by all his descendants, and apparently almost without a struggle. During some two or three days after his arrival at Abbotsford, he appeared to feel with satisfaction that he was once more at home; was occasionally wheeled, for half an hour, up and down the library, armory, or garden; and even once or twice listened, with apparent interest, to a page of the Old Testament, or a favorite passage in Crabb or Wordsworth; but after all this he fell rapidly into the same stupor that had hung over him while he remained in London; and for full six weeks there had occurred hardly an interval of any thing approaching to collectedness. It was well that the curtain dropped when it did on a scene from which hope had all along been excluded. The symptoms of an organic change in the brain were not to be mistaken; and from the beginning his physicians, both in London and Edinburgh, predicted the exact manner, though not the exact time, of his deliverance."

The London Sun devotes several columns to a comparison of Sir Walter Scott with other prominent writers, and to a review of his various works, from which we take the following paragraphs:—

"There are no monsters, no Frankensteins, in the Scotch novels. Gleams of redeeming tenderness and virtue illumine even their blackest characters. Who forgets the exquisite touch of remorse in the reckless, brutal old smuggler, Nanty Ewart, who oftentimes, in the midst of his coarsest revels, has 'd the 'sweet voice of his deceased wife in his ear, and her light footstep on the staircase;' the reply of the dogged murderer Hatteraick, who, when the magistrate told him he had closed a career, 'unredeemed by a single virtue,' said, 'Virtue, indeed! donner and blitzen, I was always faithful to my ship-owners, always accounted for cargo to the last stiver;' or the sudden, electrical burst of reason in the maniac Madge Wildfire's appeal to the deprived old hag her mother, when the clock striking the hour at which she used to go to bed, brings back all the recollections of childhood,—'Mammie, hear me say my prayers before I go to bed, and say, God bless my bonnie face, as ye used to do lang syne!' But perhaps the most exquisite trait of nature in the Scotch novels is that where Morton, after the death of the callous desperado, Bothwell, finds, on searching his pocket-book, the letters of his first love Alice, which for sixteen years, even amid scenes of the most abandoned licentiousness, and long after the whole man had undergone a complete change, he had constantly kept, as a talisman near his heart.

"It is this fine, subtle trait, this unerring apprehension of humanity, which shed such a rich, golden light on the Waverly tales. Whatever he may be as a politician, as a novelist Sir Walter is of no party. He is a cosmopolite, "born," like Burke, 'for the universe.' Man meets with his play in his pages. He neither extenuates nor sets down aught in malice. He neither calumniates nor sets down aught in malice. He portraits of the Covenanters have, we know, been alleged as proofs to the contrary; but these were mere sacrifices to the necessities of his tale. It was his exquisite object to give a vivid, humorical sketch of Claverhouse—the truest and most consistently maintained character in the whole range of modern fiction—and this could only be accomplished by placing human hold relief to the fanatics.

"In the conception and development of his female portraits, Sir Walter is second only to Shakspeare. His women are neither sylphs nor angels, neither paragons of beauty nor of virtue, but real things of flesh and blood, with warm hearts beating in their bosoms, and inheriting the defects as well as the excellencies of humanity. Their variety too, is extraordinary. Think only of Diana Vernon, Maune Headrigg, Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Meg Merrilies, Lucy Ashton, Lady Margaret Bellenden, with her eternal story about his Majesty King Charles the Second and the venison pasty, Queenie Elizabeth and Mary, Jennie Deans, Rebecca, sweet Amy Robsart, and that strange, forlorn, and antiquated figure, who sat alone at midnight by the wayside to warn Burley that 'the avenger of blood was behind him;'—think only of the striking contrast that these various magical creations present, and then bear in mind that they are the offspring of one and the same mind!"

The cholera has appeared with great violence at New Orleans. The first victims, as in other cities, were the dissolute and intemperate. The Advertiser, of a late date, says:—"Two white men, who lived on the Levee and slept underneath the wharves, near Poydras street, were taken suddenly ill yesterday morning, after breakfasting on a quantity of cabbage, thrown from on board a steamboat in a decayed state, and died in a few hours afterwards. Three negroes, attached to a cotton press, in the immediate neighborhood, also sickened suddenly, and died in the course of the afternoon. We have been informed too that another negro, employed as a fireman on board of a steamboat, was taken and died in a similar manner. One case of confirmed cholera is said to exist in the County Hospital. Whether the others were cases of genuine spasmodic cholera, we leave it to physicians to decide; we merely state the facts, which, to say the least, carry suspicions of a disease of a peculiar type and marked malignity, and differing essentially from the yellow fever, having entered among us."

A gentleman writing from New Orleans, under date of Oct. 30th, states that, on the 29th, the deaths by cholera were 104; and that, up to the hour of his writing, on the 30th, 100 deaths were reported. He represents the city as being in the utmost consternation and confusion, and the inhabitants flying from the scourge in every direction. Its ravages among the slave population were terrible. The yellow fever was disappearing before the cholera. For a few days after the appearance of the cholera, deaths occurred daily by both diseases; but, for several days previous to the 30th, there appeared to be no new cases of fever.

The corporation has authorized the fitting up of hospital stations for cholera patients, and the Board of Health have adopted a resolution requiring a daily report of the number of cases and deaths.

The compensation given to the Kembles, by the managers of the Chesnut street Theatre, was $300 per night when either one performed, and $500, when they played together. Their total receipts in this city, from the engagement at the Chesnut street Theatre, was about *eight thousand dollars*.

A NEW MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Carey & Hart, booksellers, of this city, have issued proposals for republishing in this country, two of the most popular European Magazines—the New Monthly, edited by the novelist Bulwer, and Blackwood's Magazine. They observe, in their prospectus:—"The subscribers are aware that there are already two publications in this country, made up of selections from the British magazines: it will be remembered, however, that one of those culls only the light and ephemeral articles that fall under its observation, while the other carves out the heavier disquisitions on literature and the fine arts. A large portion of excellent material is left untouched by both, and it is that very portion which is now anxiously sought for by a numerous class of readers."

With regard to terms, they observe:—"The price proposed for the republication of these magazines will bring them within the reach of those who cannot easily afford the expense of importing the English copies. The cost to the reader here, who receives these magazines from London or Liverpool, is $24 per annum; or $12 for either single. The subscription price to the American editions will be, $6 for Blackwood's Magazine, and $8 for the New Monthly, if subscribed for separately—or $10 where both are taken. Subscriptions payable semi-annually in advance. Both works will be considered very low in comparison with other standard Periodicals; for example, the Edinburg and the North American Reviews contain about 1000 pages, at $5; while Blackwood's Magazine contains above 2000, and the New Monthly 1400 pages. The pages of each are one third larger than the Edinburg or North America."

They will commence the re-publication of both on the first of January next, provided six hundred subscribers are obtained at that time. We trust that the undertaking will be adequately encouraged.

THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—The engagement of Mrs Hughes and Mr. Horn, at this house, has furnished a high degree of gratification to the admirers of good music. Both performers sing well, but the *Mermaid's Cave*, by the lady, is especially deserving of notice. The enunciation of Mrs Hughes is remarkably distinct and intelligible, and in this particular at least, she appears to greater advantage than either Madame Feron, or Mrs. Austin. Her movements on the stage are easy and graceful. The new opera of *Love in Wrinkles*, in which both performers sustain parts, is a good thing of the kind, having appropriate music, and a fluent and animated dialogue. Mr. Horn sustains the hero with great credit to himself.

Mr. James Wallack commenced an engagement at this theatre, on Wednesday evening. He appeared as Rolla, in the play of *Pizarro*, and as Dick Dashall in the afterpiece of *My Aunt*. Mr. W. is unquestionably a tragedian of no few faults as any of his contemporaries, and he rarely fails to give entire satisfaction. During his previous engagements in this city, he invariably attracted crowded houses; and now, being improved in experience, by a profitable visit across the water, he can scarcely fail of acquiring a like popularity.

The opera of Der Freischutz was brought out in good style, at this house, on Wednesday evening.

ARCH STREET THEATRE.—Mr. C. Kean closed his engagement on Monday evening by a benefit; the house was well attended. The new tragedy of *Giordano*, written by James Lawson, one of the editors of the New York Mercantile Advertiser, was produced on Tuesday. The play was received with a moderate share of approbation, but it will scarcely continue attractive. It contains some passages of excellent poetry, but is essentially deficient in bustling incident. Full effect was given to the language of the author by the efforts of Mr. Scott, Miss Riddle, and other performers. Miss R. continues to improve almost nightly; she delivered the epilogue in her happiest manner.

Our old favorite, Miss Clara Fisher, appeared on Wednesday evening, as Rosalind, in Shakspeare's comedy of *As You Like It*, as the commencement of a short, and, we trust, profitable engagement. Mrs. M'Clure's benefit is announced for this evening. She will appear, with Mr. Cooper, in the play of the *Hunchback*. This lady is a deserving actress, and in every respect worthy of being greeted by an overflowing house.

The Italian Opera continues to be well attended in New York. The Kembles are the attractions at the Park. Orallooa is announced as in preparation there. Miss Vincent took a benefit on Wednesday at the Bowery. She is about to proceed to Boston in company with Mr. Hamblin.

A benefit is about to be given at the Park theatre, New York, to John Howard Payne. The entertainments of the evening are to consist entirely of the plays of Mr. Payne, and all the talent of the country is to be concentrated for the night. "Payne, it is said, sent word to the committee that he would come from any place, and dispense with any engagement, for the purpose of promoting the end in view; and begged that he might be cast for any character whatever, *excepting that of a female!* in which he feared he might not be at home. A similar desire to promote the object had been manifested by Mr. Kemble, his charming daughter, and many others, and in the most ready and handsome manner."

Booth was announced to appear at the Bowery theatre on Thursday. The Mercantile of Wednesday has this paragraph:—"To-night the excellent play of *The Child of Nature* is to be played for the purpose of introducing to the audience a Young Lady or true City in the part of Amanthis. It is her first appearance on any stage. We do not know who this young lady is, but we hear by report, she is of a good family, and possesses many qualifications for the arduous profession in which she is about to try her apprentice hand. She is a pupil of Mr. Foot, late of the Park, and we hear that he has great confidence of her success."

CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY.—The seventh number of the second volume of this work has just appeared, embellished with a lithographic print of the *Grey Fox*, and another of the *Blue Crane* and *Hudsonian Godwit*. The reading contents are—Dispersion of seeds over the Earth; American Fir Trees; The Cicadoes; The Greyhound; Notice of a Naturalist; Sea Weeds; Sagacity of a Dog; Sporting in Canada; Passages from the Diary of a Sportsman; United Bowmen of Philadelphia; Rural Sports; a Pennsylvania Hunter; An extraordinary Pike; Manner of Preserving game, &c.

A rumor prevailed in this city in the early part of the week, that the sufferers of South Carolina had commenced the work of dissolving the Union, by burning the Custom House at Charleston. Also that General Jackson, or the Secretary of the Navy, had ordered several revenue cutters to take a position in the neighborhood of the ports of South Carolina. We place no reliance upon these statements.

We publish, in another column, the official returns of the recent elections held in this state, for Governor and Presidential Electors. It will be seen that Gov. Wolf's majority over Joseph Ritner, is three thousand and seventy-two votes; and the majority for the Jackson Electors over the Wirt Electoral ticket near twenty-five thousand. A few votes were given in some of the counties, for the Clay Electoral ticket, but the number is not sufficient, even if added to the Wirt vote, to lessen the Jackson majority more than a few hundred votes.

In examining the number of votes polled at the Presidential election, it will be seen that Jackson received nearly 2000 votes less, than were given to Joseph Ritner, and about 5000 less, than were polled for Governor Wolf. Jackson's heavy majority may therefore be attributed to the inactivity of his opponents.

The Rev. M. M. Carll, well known in this city as an indefatigable laborer in the cause of education, has given notice of his intention to open an infant school, at his room, No. 204, Arch street. The system of instruction will be that laid down in a work recently published by this gentleman. We recommend this institution to the notice of parents, presuming that Mr. Carll's qualifications for the arduous duties of a teacher, are in every respect excellent.

DEATH OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

The New England Galaxy of Saturday evening, announces the death of this celebrated lecturer on phrenology. He fell a victim to his own zeal for the promotion of science. He not only delivered five lectures a week to immense crowds, but his other hours were devoted to giving explanations and answering the various inquiries put to him as well by the scientific as the unlearned. This labour and excitement produced a brain fever, of which he died last evening, after an illness of about a fortnight.

The Boston Patriot of Monday notices Dr. Spurzheim, as follows:—"He was a distinguished German physician, the author of several works on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain and the Nervous System, and the celebrated coadjutor of Dr. Gall, in expounding and propagating a peculiar system of Phrenology. Dr. S. was born near Treves, in the year 1776, he pursued his medical studies in Vienna, where in 1800 he heard the lectures of Dr. Gall upon Craniology. From that time this gentleman has been a chief pursuit, and he visited several countries of Europe for the purpose of prosecuting his researches, and at the same time giving public lectures on his favourite subject. Since his arrival in this city, which was a few months since, Dr. S. had made a most favourable impression, from his extensive learning and his agreeable manners. His lectures were attended by a large audience, and gave great satisfaction, for the ingenuity and learning which they displayed, independently of the merits of the peculiar system, which it was their leading object to develope. His death is sincerely lamented as that of an amiable and accomplished man. We presume that our citizens, in committing his body to the earth, will not do it without some demonstration of respect for the memory of a learned stranger who has thus closed his days among us."

Thursday last, was observed in this city, by several denominations of worshiping christians, as a day of thanksgiving and praise, to the Father of Mercies, for the escape of Philadelphia, from the devastating influence of the cholera. Divine worship was held in various churches during the day and evening.

We furnish in this paper a short extract from a poem recently published by John Quincy Adams, Esq. ex-President of the United States. It is valuable as a literary production, and furnishes another evidence of the power of this gentleman's intellect and the versatility of his talents.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

We observe with pleasure that Mr. T. T. Ash, in Chesnut street, opposite the theatre, has announced the Memoirs of Count Lavallette as in press.

The trotting match on Monday at the Hunting Park Course, was one of little interest. Sweet Brier beat Pilot with ease. Time of last heat of two miles, 5 min. 52 sec. Stakes $500 a side.

The Governor has appointed Jacob Sallade to be Prothonotary of Berks county, in the room of General J. Adams, deceased; Jacob Marshall to be Clerk of the Orphans Court, vice Jacob Sallade, promoted.

Was drowned in the Locks, above Manayunk, on the evening of the 8th instant, from the boat Jonas Preston, a black man—known by the name of Long-bearded Harry—but, on examination, was found in his pocket an old red morocco pocket book, containing a number of papers, by which it appears that his name was Job Finney.

THE "OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL."—The splendid picture now exhibiting in the Saloon of the Adelphi, will be removed from the city in a short time. Those of our citizens fond of the Fine Arts, who have not seen it, should take advantage of the present fine weather. The room is open throughout the day and until nine o'clock in the evening.

A girl of ten years of age was burnt to death last week, at Orwigsburg, Pa., in consequence of her clothes taking fire.

264 boats descended the Schuylkill navigation last week with 9790 tons of coal, making 181,205 tons this season.

The cholera has made its appearance in Charleston city.

The right of Mr. Allen, (the competitor of General M'Arthur) to the seat in Congress will, it is said, be contested, on the ground of a number of illegal votes having been cast for him. Mr. Allen was elected by a majority of *one* vote. The loss, therefore, of a single vote must jeopardize his seat in Congress.

The Harrisburg Telegraph says:—"We learn from Northumberland county, that Mr. Maitz's election to the legislature will be contested. His majority was but one over Mr. Greenough, and it has been discovered that errors were committed in the return."

The Westchester (N. Y.) Herald mentions, that the elegant stone edifice in Bedford village, owned and occupied as a store by Thomas Murphy, Esq. of that town, was destroyed by fire, about four o'clock in the morning of Wednesday last. The loss of property by this event is estimated at from $6,000 to $10,000.

Six companies of U. S. troops, returning from their expedition against the Indians under Black Hawk, arrived at Richmond on Monday, on their way to Fortress Monroe. The Whig states, that the cholera has woefully thinned their ranks—one half or more of their original number having died.

The Chester County Democrat says—Our neighbor Charles Miner, Esq. and family, have left us for Luzerne county; in his retirement from the public we wish him a long, happy and prosperous life.

The great hunting Elephant, Helen M'Gregor, died on the 19th ult., at the house of Beckiah Hall, Clinton county, Ohio. She was the property of J. B. Gross & Co. New York.

A desperate attempt to murder the jailor of the Washington City prison was made, on Wednesday last, by a prisoner in confinement. Upon the jailor's opening the door of his cell, he sprang out, grabbed him, and made many efforts to cut his throat with an old knife. Fortunately the villain was over-powered and secured.

A duel was fought on the 25th ultimo, near the Florida line, between James D. Westcott, Jr. Secretary of Florida Territory, (a civil officer translated from the Department of State,) and Thomas Baltzell, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Webville. After two fires, one of Mr. Baltzell's balls passing near the throat and the other just above the hip of his adversary without doing much injury,—the affair ended.

The Richmond Compiler boasts of a sweet potato that grew in that neighborhood weighing five lbs. and a quarter.

Ex-President Adams and lady arrived at New York on Saturday, and were to leave there yesterday for Washington city. The Hon. Louis M'Lane, Secretary of the Treasury, is also on a visit to New York.

The aggregate majority given to General Jackson throughout the United States, in 1828, was 139,468 votes. Mr. Adams received 511,475 votes—General Jackson, 650,459.

On Saturday, the 27th Oct. last, a man by the name of Richeson, of Wells-Valley, in Bedford county, Pa. was murdered on Sideling-Hill. We are told that the name of the person who committed this outrage was M'Farland, and that he was a total stranger to Mr. Richeson. He is now lodged in the Bedford jail to await a legal investigation of this outrage.

The Scarlet Fever which has prevailed so extensively in the Middle Atlantic States for eighteen months past, exists with equal severity in some portions of the West. A single paper in Ohio mentions the deaths of six children by it.

"The minutes of the several Annual Conferences" for 1832 present a statistical view of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. The whole number of Methodists is 548,393—being an increase of 35,479 since the last year. Virginia contains 40,746, Philadelphia, the largest number, viz. 48,045—N. York, 47,066—Baltimore, 43,990—Ohio, 44,879—Missouri, the smallest number, viz: 5,295.

A YANKEE NOTION.—The Yankees have sent to this market samples of shoes made of India rubber cloth, called tyngam cloth. The cloth is saturated and painted with the gum, and polished so as to present a beautiful surface resembling kid. These shoes being impervious to wet, are intended to supersede the rubber shoes.

On Wednesday, the 7th inst. Deputy Marshal Bem arrested William F. Porter, of Wenham, Essex county, Mass. for passing counterfeit notes of the U. S. Bank.

At an adjourned meeting of the subscribers to the Wyoming Monument, held at the Court House, in Wilkesbarre, Pa. on Saturday, Nov. 5th, 1832, on motion it was resolved, That a committee be appointed to petition Congress for an appropriation, to assist in erecting a monument on the ground where the Wyoming battle was fought, July, 1778.

A new drama, by Bernard, is shortly to be brought out at the Adelphi Theatre, London, founded on Washington Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle.

On Wednesday evening, while canvassing the votes at New Baltimore, three men were engaged in firing a small cannon, which burst in consequence of being overloaded, and instantly killed Luther Dimmons; and another, whose name we have not learned, had one of his legs taken off above his knee, and no hopes are entertained of his life; and a man by the name of Ostrander, a painter, was seriously injured, although not dangerously.

Mr. Wm. Baily, of Chatham, Conn. has a number of large Spanishes, two of the largest of which, weighed 9½ lbs. They are of a superior kind.

On Sunday evening last, in the vicinity of Greensboro, Mr. G. W. Rice was shot dead, while at supper with his family, and Mr. J. M'Donald, a young man of the neighborhood, was severely wounded in one of his arms. No suspicion has yet been attached to any person.

A man was found floating in one of the docks on Saturday, at Alexandria, D. C. He had apparently been drowned several days. Some suspicions were entertained that he had not met with his death accidentally, and we understood a sailor was taken up and committed on a charge of being concerned in the business.

Messrs. Worcester and Butler, the missionaries confined in the Georgia Penitentiary, have addressed a letter to the editors of the New York Observer, in which they contradict the story of their having been compelled to render assistance in the construction of the Georgia lottery-wheels.

Samuel H. Jenks, Esq., has retired from the editorial chair of the New York Advocate and Journal, leaving the duties of that Journal to be discharged by Rodwood Fuller, Esq. Mr. Jenks is about to establish a semi-weekly paper in Nantucket.

Was taken up in the Schuylkill, at Vine street wharf, the body of a black man, very genteelly dressed, supposed to be from 20 to 25 years of age; had on a brown coat, black velvet vest, light blue pantaloons, linen shirt, black silk handkerchief on his neck; Spanish knife, one half dollar, and three cents were in his pocket.

A fire broke out at No. 6 Hammond street, New York, on Tuesday evening in the house of Mr. Jackson and soon extended to a trunk factory and the extensive cotton factory of Mr. Spear, and before it was subdued fifteen or sixteen buildings were destroyed. Some of these were large weaving establishments. By this calamity, 200 persons were deprived of employment.

The father and mother of a young French girl afflicted with rheumatic pains, determined on curing her; and, according to the advice of one of those female physicians who are to be found in every village, they placed the girl in an oven, where she expired after about thirty-five minutes suffering!

Governor Lumpkin, of Georgia, has opened the Legislature of that state with a very long message. He denounces the tariff and all its works, but he disapproves of nullification.

NEW POST OFFICE.—A new Post Office has been established at Fallsville, in Bucks county, on the Easton and Philadelphia stage road, six miles north of Doylestown, and Levi Sellers has been appointed Post Master.

The steamboat Benjamin Franklin arrived at Providence at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, having been obliged to make about one half of her passage from Newport with one wheel, in consequence of some defect in the machinery having prevented the use of the other.

On the 22d day of September, a fine ship was launched in Amesbury, Massachusetts, belonging to Theodore Chase, Esq., formerly of Portsmouth, named at the launching, "Walter Scott." The papers of this week inform us, that on that very day Sir Walter Scott died.

The Easton Democrat says:—"In Northampton county there are seven papers published, and all of us are getting rich!"

The Yankees have invented a stove for the warming of coaches.

The Alexandria Gazette states that the notorious Gen. Houston is about to offer himself as a candidate for Governor of Tennessee.

The Columbia Spy says, that in the canal counties 6,000 illegal votes were given for Governor Wolf, and that there is a talk of contesting the election, at the meeting of the Legislature. In the county of Lycoming alone, it is said, that there were about 700 votes more given in than there were taxable inhabitants.

F. H. Massenback, a German by birth, put a period to his existence on the 2d inst., at Orange, Va., by blowing out his brains with a pistol. The act was evidently premeditated, and attributable to disappointment of success in his arrangements and searches for gold in the lower part of that country.

Pawnbroker's Sale.

ON MONDAY MORNING, Nov. 19, 1832, at 9 o'clock, at St. THOMAS'S, No. 87 Chesnut st.—600 lots of Men's and Women's winter clothing, hats, bedding, &c.

Consisting of boxes and trunks of goods, fresh; surtout and light body coats, pantaloons and vests, coat, pantaloon and vest patterns, camblet and plaid cloaks, petticoats, pea coats and roundabouts, jackets, and sundry shawls. Also, quilts, counterpanes, blankets and sheets, bed and window curtains, table cloths, pillow cases, towels and table boards and mats, men's and boy's caps, gloves, suspenders, umbrellas, &c. &c. &c. a large quantity of gentlemen's new short bosomed, collars and shirts, &c.

Ladies' silk and cloth coats, camblet, silk and plaid cloaks, elegant merino shawls and scarfs, Wrapper and other shawls, ladies' silk, crape, bombazet and calico dresses and dress patterns, veils, gloves, &c. &c.

Also, at 10 o'clock, 3 good feather beds.

The above goods are of good quality, and some of them new, and will be sold without reserve, by order of a licensed pawnbroker. nov 17—3t*

For Sale,

THE Engine and Machinery now in operation at No. 200 Callowhill street, consisting of—

A 6 horse high pressure steam engine,
Iron wood chopper and saw,
2 pair of mill stones,
1 pair of chasers,
1 Smith's and 1 Barrel's mill.

The above machinery is in good working order, and is well calculated for grinding bark and plaster in addition to the ordinary business of sawing and chopping. The reason for disposing of the same will be made known to any person wishing to purchase. Part of the purchase will, if desired, be taken out in grinding, &c. SAM'L KINDER.

nov 17—3*

French Millinery.

MRS. BETTS S. and A. COOK respectfully invite the Ladies of Philadelphia, to call and see their handsome assortment of

FASHIONABLE HATS,

which they have opened at No. 196 Chesnut Street, second door above Fourth, lower side.

nov 3—3*

The Office of the Lehigh Coal AND Navigation Company, is removed from No. 64 South Front street, to No. 72 South Second Street, between Chesnut and Walnut.

nov 17—2*

ALMANAC.

1832. NOVEMBER.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
17 SATURDAY,	7 8	4 52	10 22	
18 SUNDAY,	7 9	4 51	11 00	D. H. M.
19 MONDAY,	7 9	4 51	M.	
20 TUESDAY,	7 10	4 50	0 31	
21 WEDNESDAY,	7 11	4 49	1 18	Full 8 3 29
22 THURSDAY,	7 12	4 48	2 8	Last 14 10 50
23 FRIDAY,	7 13	4 47	3 58	New 22 4 16
24 SATURDAY,	7 14	4 46	5 45	First 29 7 7

A Stated Meeting of the Jefferson Literary Course, will be held in the Hall of the Harmony Fire Company, on Wednesday evening, the 21st inst. at 7 o'clock.

CHARLES GRINTON, Sec'y.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, 8th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. ROBERT C. HENRY, to Miss MARTHA, daughter of George Schoch, Esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. W

THE OLIO

He knew what's what, and that's as high As metaphysic wit can fly.

SYNONYMS.

A Frenchman, who long resided in London, the land of roast beef and pudding, but who had also resided in Paris, the land of soup and fricandeau, was asked which he preferred. "Why, sare," said he, "I like the one as well as the other. At dinner I commend de roast beef and de pudding; at supper I commend de soup and de fricandeau. So be that a friend ask me whether I prefer one or de other, I say, 'Sare, I commend both.'"

"Pray, sir, are you not young lady to-day?" Like most of the French, he was at a loss to understand the double meaning of words. So he thought the question was to "pickle." "Sare, he thought I look young enough to be pickle." But when he took leave at the door— "Madame, good morning, I pray you, may I not be so happy as to see you to-morrow?"

At the breakfast table of a family at Garstang, a little girl, six years old, took up a piece of bread and butter which belonged to her mother, who was eating near her; her brother, who saw the mistake, very promptly said, "Sarah, thou shall not steal." when the child, with the greatest naivete, instantly replied, "then shall not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

The sheriff of Dumfermline, while examining a boy, who happened to be a witness, concerning the taking away of a horse from the plough by a tollman, asked the youth if he could positively say, that he saw the tollman carry off the horse. "No," said the boy. The case was about to be dismissed, when the boy added, "But he *has* him oil, sir."

TRIFLING INCONVENIENCES.—During a very wet day, a worthy old gentleman of comely dimensions had occasion to visit one of our first markets, which, from the selection of good things, happened to be unusually crowded. After much squeezing, he made his way to the tradesman with whom he was in the habit of dealing; and on endeavoring to reach his purse, to pay for the article selected, he found his hand unusually impeded. He attempted to remove the inconvenience, but finding his efforts unavailing, he turned to the party who was unavoidably the cause of his distress. "Sir," said he, "I do not know whether you are aware of the circumstance, but you have put your wet umbrella into my waistcoat pocket." "Sir," replied the party addressed, "I am exceedingly sorry, but it must remain there for the present, as the market is so exceedingly full that there is no possibility of removing it."—*Constitution.*

Duke of Norfolk's Cook.—The Duke was a liberal Catholic, his servants and tenants were never asked their religion. One day after dinner, the Duke entered into a friendly conversation with a Protestant guest, as to their future state, when the Duke considering his cook to be an impartial judge, had called him in, and demanded of him what he thought would be the state of their case when they came to die. The cook, who we believe was an Italian, replied:—"By and by your grace will die, and you will then go to St. Peter's gate. St. Peter will demand what you want; you tell him you one good Catholic; he tell you, 'Go sit you there among with those other good Catholics in heaven.' By and by Lord F——— he die; he go to St. Peter's gate, he say he one good Protestant; St. Peter say, 'You go sit there along with those good Protestants.' Then jose Peter (the cook's name) he die, he go to his namesake, he knock, and say 'Let in poor Peter;' St. Peter say 'What are you, Peter?' I say, 'I am nothing, neither Catholic nor Protestant, but one honest man.' Then St. Peter will say, 'We have *no place* for you, you go *just where you like.*' Then Peter walk about among all the good people, just as he do now."

DR. PITCAIRNE.—Dr. Alexander Pitcairne, who died in 1713, but who is yet remembered most distinctly in Scotland for his strong Jacobitism, his keen wit, and his eminence as a physician, studied his profession in Holland, where he was for some time the preceptor of Boerhaave. His political principles causing him to be no friend to the Republican Dutch, he amused himself with satirising them in verse. Dull, however, as the Dutch are generally esteemed, they had once paid him very smartly in his own coin. Pitcairne, it seems, took great offence at the facility with which the University of Leyden, like some of those in this country at a more recent period, conferred degrees upon those applying for them. To ridicule them, he sent for a diploma for his footman, which was granted. He next sent for another for his horse. This, however, was too gross an affront for even a Dutchman to swallow. To a spirit of resentment, an answer was returned, to the effect that "search having been made in the books of the University, they could not find one instance of the degree of doctor having been ever conferred upon a horse, although, in the instance of one Dr. Pitcairne, it appeared that the degree had once been conferred on an ass."

A HIT AT UNCLEAN TAVERNS.—A six foot Kentuckian was not long since travelling in the interior of Pennsylvania, when he put up for the night at a Dutch tavern, where he was excessively annoyed by those tormentors of human flesh and blood, which come out of mud have been the peculiar denizens of unclean beds. In the morning when the rest of his fellow passengers had paid their fare, our Kentuckian stepped up to the landlord, and in a voice of thunder enquired the price of beef in that vicinity.

"De price of beef?" responded the half frightened and half wonder struck tavern keeper.

"Yes, what is beef a pound in your village?"

"Why tish, let me see—tish six pence de pound."

"Here then," said the Kentuckian, "take that"—at the same time throwing down on the counter a silver dollar.

"Dat! and vat ish dat for, Mynheer sir-foster?"

"Half of it is for my bed and board—and half to purchase beef."

"Beef for vat?"

"For the d—n hungry bugs in your beds—they came nigh eating me up alive—look here—and—here—and here"—said he, at the same time shewing the bites and marks of blood on his face, arms and legs."

"Do you mean to insinuate that my beds are buggy?" said the landlord, stepping around in a great passion.

"Buggy! is be sure I do—and that you are but one door of from being a murderer—had it been a this consumptive fellow that had slept where I did last night, instead of me, he would have been a dead man before morning—and to guard against such a catastrophe, I make a present to you of that money—buy beef with it, and feed your bugs every night before putting any body in your beds."

The Dutchman was forced to submit to the joke—the Kentuckian all the while looked fiercely at him in the face, and keep as cool and determined as if it was a case of life and death. —*N. Y. Constellation.*

Glorious Uncertainty of the Law.—The late Charles Gardyne, of Middleton, had an interesting law suit, some time previous to his death, with the Taxmen of the Tolls and Road Trustees here, on the doubtful question whether the vehicle in which he rode was a taxed cart or chaise,—a point which made an essential difference in the rate of toll. After the final decision of the Supreme Court, Mr. G. had the result painted in large legible characters on the back of the carriage, as follows.

A Taxed Cart, by Act of Parliament.

A Taxed Cart, by decision of the Sheriff of Perthshire.

A Taxed Cart, by decision of the Court of Session.

A Chaise, by a second decision of the same Court.

Eight wise Judges said it was a Chaise.

Six not less wise, that it was a Cart.

It has been three years on its low journey, and at last has been obliged to stop for want of law grease.

Charles Gardyne Fruck's Taxed Cart.

Mr. G. rode in this vehicle, on all necessary occasions, during the remainder of his life, and exhibited it at Perth once, during the circuit, at the George Inn door, to the no small dismay of the judges, counsel and agents, and amusement of the citizens.—*Perthshire Advertiser.*

THE MERCHANT'S DINNER.

"There lived, at Marseilles, a rich merchant, who received one morning, through the hands of a young man, a letter strongly recommending the bearer to his notice: the young man was of good fortune, and wanted only an introduction to society, he brought also a letter of credit to a large amount. The merchant, after having read the letter of recommendation, instead of either throwing it aside as waste paper, or shutting it up in a drawer, examined it, and finding that it covered one side of the four sides of the sheet, tore it in two, placed the written half in a leaf of his portfolio, and then, folding the other half, so that it would serve for writing a note, put it into another portfolio which already contained a number of similar papers. Having completed his little measure of economy, he turned towards the young man, and invited him to dinner for that very day. The youth, accustomed to a life of elegance and luxury, felt but little inclination for dining with a man who could thus appreciate the privileges of *manufacturer*, by depriving him of his waste paper; he accepted the invitation, however, and promised to return at four o'clock. But as he descended the narrow staircase from the counting house of his banker, his mind rapidly reverted to the observations he had made upon that small gloomy room, with the two long offices which led to it, encumbered with ledgers that were half smothered in dust and smoke, and where ten or a dozen young persons were working in silence, whose faces appeared to his jaundiced eyes like perfect skeletons. He thought of the windows plastered with a thick coat of mud, through which an ray of the beautiful sun of Providence could ever penetrate; the little heap of boxwood, filled with saw dust, to serve for powder, the broken writing desk, the dressing gown of the banker, and all these recollections rushing at once upon his mind, produced the reflection, 'I have done a foolish thing in accepting this invitation; but no matter, a day is soon passed.'

"The duties of the toilette were discharged rather for his own satisfaction than in compliment to the host who expected him; and that done, he proceeded to the street of Rome, where his banker's house was situated. As the latter had told him his wife did not live in that part of the mansion occupied by the counting-house, he begged on arriving to be conducted to the lady. A number of valets in rich liveries led him across a small garden, filled with rare and exotic plants, and after conducting him through several apartments sumptuously furnished, introduced him to a handsome drawing-room, where he found his banker, who presented him to his wife and mother: the former was young and pretty, the latter not yet old, and both were dressed in rich stuffs, and adorned with fine pearls and sparkling diamonds, which attested the wealth of the honest and laborious head of the family; he himself was no longer the personage his guest had seen in the morning, he seemed to have left behind, amongst the dusty ledgers and portfolios, the man of the black velvet cap and woollen dressing-gown while the manners and conversation of fifteen or twenty visitors, who were assembled in the drawing-room, led to the inference that his house was one of the best, if not the very best in the city. Dinner was served, and the young stranger became convinced that it was so. The viands were excellent, the wines exquisite, the table covered with an abundance of massy silver plate; in short, the young traveller was obliged mentally to admit, that he had never partaken of more delicate fare, or seen a greater display of magnificence; and he was more than ever confounded upon ascertaining from one of the persons near him, that the banker gave a similar entertainment twice a week.

"While coffee was serving, he ruminated on all that he had witnessed; but his young ideas had to arrange themselves into that mutual dependence of cause and effect which would easily have brought the whole to the level of his understanding. 'Young man,' said his host, tapping him on the shoulder, 'you are absent, and almost pensive; have you made a bad dinner?' But the expression of his eyes and the inflexion of his voice in pronouncing these words seemed to mean: 'Has not your fear of a bad dinner yet vanished?' The young man blushed, as if he had really heard the latter sentence; but the good financier understood his blush, and laughing, said, 'No offence! you are too young to understand how masses are formed, the true and only power—whether composed of money, water, or men, it is all alike. A mass is an immense centre of motion, but it must be begun, it must be kept up. Young man, the little bits of paper which excited your derision this morning, are one among the means I employ for attaining it.'

"A fine story this, that you have been telling us, Bonaparte!" said Josephine, smiling 'to me the most marvellous part of it is, that you have been speaking for a quarter of an hour together, and that to women only.' 'I did not forget that, I assure you, replied he, wishing to say 'do you think I should have preached in the same way to men? They never require it.' I was much struck afterwards in this idea of masses as the foundation of power."—*Mod. Jamd.*

THE PACHA OF EGYPT.—This man who has lately made so much noise in the world, by his opposition to the Sultan, the reform he has wrought among his people, and the cultivation of the soil of Egypt, was originally only a common soldier among the troops raised in Albania. By the vigor of his arm, by his talent and enterprise, he rose to be the Pacha of Egypt, one of the highest posts of honor in the whole Turkish empire. Such promotion in Turkey is not very extraordinary, for there are no hereditary honors, and as the Sultan is the heir of all who die in office, there is but little hereditary property. Accordingly persons originally in the lowest stations constantly rise to the highest rank in the empire; and the sons of the greatest Pachas descend to a low condition. But Mahomet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt, on getting the command of that province, soon showed that he was no ordinary man—that he was not one who would travel in the beaten paths of ignorance and prejudice, and the changes which he has wrought in Egypt, although far from being equal to what a still greater degree of knowledge and benevolence would have effected, are utterly astonishing as coming from an originally uneducated Turk. He soon succeeded in establishing a regularly paid and disciplined military force, instead of the irregular and mercenary bands of men, serving as soldiers in Turkey; and by their help, he soon put down all bodies of robbers and plunderers, and rendered life and property perfectly safe throughout all the land of Egypt. The remnant of the Mamelukes, that singular military body, which since the days of Saladin, had governed Egypt, he annihilated, it must be confessed, by means but little consonant with our idea of humanity, but still he effected his purpose, and he made himself sole and uncontrolled lord of the land of the Pharaohs. Ptolomies, Cæsars and Caliphs. Travelling from one end of Egypt to the other is now as safe as in any kingdom of Europe; and foreigner, assuming there for commercial or scientific purposes are personally secure.

DESCRIPTION OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Lake Superior, without the aid of any great effort of imagination, may be considered as the inexhaustible spring from whence, through unnumbered ages, the St. Lawrence has continued to derive its ample stream. This immense Lake, unequalled in magnitude by any collection of fresh water on the globe, is situated between the parallels of 46 deg. 25 min. and 49 deg. 1 min. north latitude, and the meridians of 84 deg. 34 min. and 92 deg. 14 min. west longitude. Its length, measured on a curved line through the centre, is about 350 geographical miles; its extreme breadth one hundred and forty, and its circumference, in following the sinuosities of the coast, about one thousand five hundred. Its surface is about six hundred and twenty-seven feet above the tide water of the Atlantic; but the shore exhibits almost conclusive indications of its having been, in former ages, as much, perhaps, as 40 or 50 feet above its present level. Various soundings have been taken from eighty to one hundred and fifty fathoms, but its greatest depth probably exceeds two hundred fathoms; this demonstrating the bottom of the lake to be nearly six hundred feet below the level of the ocean. The crystalline transparency of its waters is unrivalled, and such as to render rocks at an extraordinary depth distinctly visible. The bottom of the lake chiefly consists of a very adhesive clay, which soondily endurates by atmospheric exposure, and contains small shell of the species at present existing in the lake. A sea almost of itself, this lake is subject to many vicissitudes of that element, for here the storm rages and the billows break, with a violence scarcely surpassed by the tempest of the ocean, but it is not subject to the oceanic phenomena displayed by an unerring and periodical flux and reflux. Its expansive surface, however, yields to the influence of heavy winds, so that when these blow strong from one quarter, they produce a very perceptible rise of the lake in the opposite direction. The spring freshets are also known to have occasioned a rapid swelling of the waters, which has been especially conspicuous after a rigorous winter. That its waters were once salt is by no means unlikely, and the supposition stands in some degree supported by the nature of the fish that inhabit them, and the marine shells that are found along the beaches, or are embedded in the shores. —*Bouchette's British Dominions in N. America.*

THE DRUNKARDS SONG.

"Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn."
SHAKSPEARE.

Round me here in the tavern hall—
Where the old are sweet as flowers;
Where the feast to the welcome call,
Fun, jest and clatter are ours—
Merrily call the bar-room bell!
What would life be a garret
Where he may smoke at a small expense,
Where he may gamble cheap?

Jolly may the tavern stand,
Glasses clink more gaily
Here may mouth meet mouth to wine to kissed,
Foes to the grim table-lady
Lift on each glass in the blazing light—
Here's a glorious party,
Bless'd be the wine that sparkles so right
Worthy to live in story.

Carry them gently all to bed,
Then who have crushed their sorrow:
Aye, it is sweet when the cup's head
To the down mouth requires
Carefully follows, and when the morn
Breaks, rot your landlord's daughter
To be kind enough to re-tune them up
Tumblers of soda-water.

Drink a health to the fellows gone—
Hearts that are most in drinking,
To who can swallow most bumpers off
Those whose brow is without wrinking.
Here's a cheer to the fellow of great,
Yet to us this fate may come on,
When you're to meet at a show at night,
Never think to be morning.

Revel as some for the morning's cost,
And stout-limbs are pretty indeed,
But there is there to the wedge of gout,
Poisoned and nine-walls pleading
"Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn"
Honest Old Jack spoke rightly—
Then those were times those and one bumper more,
And we'll hold our revel nightly

MR. DODD'S SERMON IN THE HOLLOW TREE.

Mr. Dodd lived near Cambridge and had offended some of the Cambridge scholars by preaching against drunkenness. As some of them were walking out one day, they saw the good old gentleman at a distance and said one to another there's father Dodd, we will make him preach us a sermon. When he drew near they saluted him with—your servants, father Dodd. Yours, gentlemen, replied he. We have a favour to ask of you, father Dodd. What is it, enquired he. We want you to preach us a sermon, said they. He told them to appoint a time and place. We will, said they; the time is the present, the place yonder hollow tree, (pointing to one in the field,) and your text shall be Malt. That is an imposition, said Mr. Dodd, for there should be some consideration before preaching. But, said they, if you will not, we will make you. In consequence of this Mr. Dodd got up into the tree, and addressed them in the following manner.

DEARLY BELOVED, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, who, without the least warning, am come to preach a short sermon upon a small subject, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. My text is Malt, which I cannot divide into sentences for it contains none; neither can I divide it into words of syllables, for there is but one, therefore necessity obliges me to divide it into letters, of which I find there are four, M-A-L-T. M is moral teachers, A is allegorical, L is literal, and T theological. M, my masters, A, all at you, L, listen, T, to my text. A is allegorical, that is when one thing is spoken of another thing meant. The thing spoken of is Malt; the thing meant is the oil of Malt or strong beer, which you rustics make M, your master, A, of your apparel, L, of your liberty, and T, of your treasure. L is literal, viz. according to the letter; M much, A ale, L little and T thrilling.

T is theological, viz. according to the effect it produces, which are of two kinds, first in this world, and secondly in the world to come.

First in this world, in scene are M murderer, in others A adultery, and in all L looseness of life, and T treason.

Secondly in the world to come are M misery, A anguish, L lamentation, and T torment.

M my masters, A all of you, L look T for torment. So much for my text and text; Malt.

Now by the way of connection take this. Drunkards are the annoyance of modesty—the spoil of civility—the pest of society—the destroyers of wealth—the destruction of reason—the lessener's agent—the ale-house benefactors—their wive's sorrow—their children's shame—the beggar's companion—the constable's trouble—their neighbors laughing-stock—the walking swill tub—the devil's vessels—the picture of beasts—the monsters of men.

DEATH OF DAMO THE OYSTER-EATER.—Damo has eaten his last oyster, and is himself *shelled* at the expense of the Parish. The grave has done for him what he did for many an unhappy publican—taken him in! Some say he ought to be buried in Billingsgate, and that a monument should be erected to his memory in Vinegar yard. 'Shall I have that sea-change' said Dan O'Rourke, the body-snatcher, to a certain professor of anatomy—'Yes, Dan-el,' was the reply.

SINGULAR FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Some years since, a gentleman residing in the vicinity of Boston, had a pea-hen sitting on a number of eggs—but the pea-cock with a gallantry, not common among the male sex, watched the opportunity whenever his spouse quitted the nest in search of food, to destroy some of the eggs. In this manner the brute destroyed all but one—when a large house cat, who had long watched both parties, and saw with indignation how cruelly the poor hen was treated, voluntarily undertook the friendly office of setting on the eggs in the absence of the hen, and by their united efforts, the pea-cock was baffled, and a fine chick was at length produced.

CURIOUS OPTICAL ILLUSION.—Sir David Brewster mentions a very curious ocular illusion which occurred to himself, while engaged writing the work now before us. He was seated at a table, with two candles before him, when upon directing his eyes to them, he was much surprised to observe, apparently among his hair, and nearly straight above his head, but far without the range of vision, (unless he could be supposed to see through the top of his head,) a distinct image of one of the candles. The image was as perfect as if it had been formed by reflection from a piece of mirror glass, but where the reflecting substance was, he could not, at first discover. He examined his eye brows and eye lashes, but in vain. At length his lady tried her skill; and after a minute search she perceived, between two eye lashes, a very minute speck, which, on being removed, turned out to be a chip of red wax, highly polished, which was the real mirror, on the occasion, and which had probably, started into his eye when breaking the seal of a letter, a short time before he observed the phenomenon. An unphilosophical person might have gone mad, or have sent for his physician in an agony of terror, under such circumstances.

MUSIC OF THE ASS.—Among the vocalists, the submissive Ass ranks but as a rough and rude performer. His meek and lowly look would indicate a gentle voice. Though coarse, his notes are passing sweet, compared to his brother mule, who when he opens his hideous throat, puts every alarming friend to flight. In a less vulgar tone, Jack begins to bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers like the progressive eloquence of a well adjusted oration, and then declining to an emphatic close.—(Gardiner's Music of Nature.)

The following is an instance of most shocking ingratitude. Beau Brummell, having borrowed some money of a city dandy, whom he patronized in return, was asked to repay it, upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has 'appened."—"No."—"Why, there's that fellow, Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds, has had the face to ask me for it, and yet I called the dog Tom, and let myself dine with him.

Hop, Step and Jump.—One of the most astonishing feats of this kind ever heard of in the annals of gymnastics was performed lately at one Lancashiremen Border Games, by Mr. Wm. Leyden. At a running hop, step and jump, he cleared, upon level ground, not less than *forty-five feet nine inches!* Fifty years may elapse before such another feat is accomplished. Indeed we never heard any thing like it, if we except the matchless leaping feats of Ireland and Professor Wilson, the latter of whom, a good many years ago, performed, upon a dead level, forty-six feet six inches at hop, step, and jump! Ireland's exploit did not exceed the Professor's by above a few inches; but Ireland was in the constant practice of jumping, and was allowed to be the best leaper that ever was known.

Preference of the Wolf for human Flesh.—When the Manhankers build their houses which are in form like beehives and tolerably large, (often 18 or 20 feet in diameter) the floor is raised to the highest or back part of the house until within three or four feet of the front, where it suddenly terminates, leaving an area from thence to the wall, in which every night the calves are tied to protect them from the storm or wild beasts.

Now it would be natural to suppose, that should the wolf enter, he would scent the first object of his prey, especially as the natives always go with fire at their feet. But notwithstanding this, the constant practice of this animal has been in every instance, to pass by the calves in the area, and even by the fire, and to take the children from the mother's caress, and that in such a gentle and cautious manner, that the poor parent has been unconscious of her loss, until the cries of her little innocent have reached from without, where a close prisoner in the paws of the monster.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.—A lady took three or four leaves of red cabbage, and after bruising them, she poured a pint of boiling water upon them in a glass. After tea she placed tumblers upon the table, which she one half filled with the water infused with the cabbage. Into one she poured some vinegar, which turned it red, into another some pearlash water, and it became green; into the third some alum water, which changed it to purple. The next day, her son and daughter, eight and ten years old, repeated the experiment much to their amusement and instruction.

A few days after, the same lady dissolved glauber salts in boiling water, until it was saturated, and filled a two ounce vial with it, corked it quite tight, and put it away until the water was cold, when it remained as liquid and as clear as pure water; but on removing the cork, beautiful needle-shaped crystals shot through the water in all directions. The same water and vial was afterwards used by the children to repeat the experiment several times. A few days since a lad of ten years old put a tea-spoonful of sugar of lead (acetate of lead) into a quart of water; after it had stood a few hours and become clear, he poured off the water into a glass jar, and suspended in it by a thread a piece of zinc, when the lead shot out in beautiful leaves resembling vegetation, which after two or three days descended to the bottom of the jar. It is called the lead tree.—*Lyceum.*

SOMNIFER CONVENIENCE.—About the 15th ult. near midnight, a dark, dark cloud was observed rising in the north west, by persons at the Light House on Lipper Island, opposite the place, and in a short time wind from that quarter rose to a gale, and a number of small lamb were blown through the windows and doors. In the morning, more than *six hundred* were found dead upon the ground, which had evidently been driven against the light house and dwelling house. Among the lots were a number of Woodpeckers—the others were of a similar kind, with the names of which our informant was unacquainted.—*Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel.*

DEAR.—An eminent physician in Chenango County, New York, had a faithful dog, named Bent, that always attended him in his medical visits around the neighboring villages. He could never prevail upon him to take a place in his chaise, but he would follow on foot until the doctor stopped; when, the instant he alighted from the vehicle, Bent would spring in and protect his property. If any one dared to approach the horse, the dog gave him to understand by a most significant growl that he must be careful how he trespassed on his master's premises. At home, upon the most trifling occasion, Bent had been accustomed to the yard over night, entry, &c. had only to call the attention of Bent to the circumstance, and he would keep guard faithfully till morning. The health of the doctor became seriously impaired, and he made a voyage to Europe, with the hope of regaining it. A few days after his departure, the dog became very uneasy, and scented the village in search of him. Having become evidently satisfied that his master was not to be found in the immediate vicinity of his residence, he made an excursion about the country, to the distance of fifty or sixty miles, and stopped at every house where his master had ever been, in the hope of finding him. He was gone nearly three weeks, but finally came home, and gave up further search in despair. Upon the return of the doctor, the dog manifested his joy in the most magnificent manner. He threw his fore paws around his neck and embraced him very affectionately. From that moment he was unwilling to go into the kitchen at night, and he had moulded himself that the doctor had retired to rest. He would insist on entering his bed room, and would raise himself upon the bed and look in to see if he was there. At the doctor's death, the dog seemed to be perfectly conscious of the loss he had sustained, and testified his sorrow in so affecting a manner, that it was remarked by every person that saw him.

Bost Atlas.

THE TORTOISE.

This animal inhabits both land and water. He needs no shelter, for his house is carried on his back, and covers his body like a coat of mail. He has four feet, and a short tail, covered with a hard scaly coat, which he can draw in under his shell. His length is from 4 inches to 5 feet, his breadth from 5 to 25 inches, or more. The upper shell is composed of 13 different pieces, laid like shingles or tiles, on rib-like rafters.

The *land* tortoise, in winter, retires to some cavern, where he makes a bed of grass, moss or leaves. In this he sleeps, or lies still, all winter, as bears sometimes do in a hollow tree; and without food. Their life is not instantly destroyed, even by cutting off the head, or taking out the brain. Some retain signs of life for twenty-four hours; others for as many days.

They will live 80 years. This is proved by their being caught and marked, with the date of the year, and let go again; and afterward retaken: and also by preserving them in a marsh. There are varieties of the land tortoise. The African tortoise has a round prominent shell divided into several parts, or smaller shells, of different size and colors. When brought over the sea, *they* are generally placed in a large hogshead of water, and fed.

The pride of beauty is derived from the tortoise, more than even the ostrich; though 'fine feathers make fine birds. And it must be confessed, that the tortoise-shell comb is an ornament of beauty to beautiful hair. If we should dare to think otherwise, we should soon be ostracised, ostracised, *for we may as well be out of the world, as out of the present and prevailing fashion.* There would be an uproar as great as that of Ephesus, where the whole multitude cried out incessantly for the space of two hours, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'—These men who would turn the world *upside down, are come hither also.*

Since writing the above, we have ascertained the value of an elegant shell, 3½ feet long and 2¼ wide. If of proper thickness, it is worth $100 or 120. There is a cruel practice among sailors of turning over upon their backs more of them than they can carry away, and leaving them to perish in agony. They are also sometimes hung up in the fire, until their shell will drop off, and then set at liberty.—*Juvenile Rambler.*

TO DAIRY WOMEN.—To prevent that rancid nauseous flavour which is too often prevalent in cheeses, even when made of the richest milk, and which otherwise would be delicious, salt the milk as soon as it is taken from the cows: I mean the evening's milk, which is kept in pans during the night, in order to be mixed with the new morning's milk. The quantity of salt to be used on the occasion, is about a table spoonfull to each gallon of milk, and is generally sprinkled on the bottom of the pan, and the milk poured upon the salt, and they soon become incorporated. This early salting has enabled many dairy women, whose cheese was before always borne and detestably rank, now to produce excellent and well flavoured cheese, and on farms that had been pronounced totally unfit for the dairy system. To this small portion of salt various effects are attributed by those who use it; they say it prevents the milk from souring, in the hottest nights; that it encourages coagulation, and very much promotes the separation of the curd from the whey which is a great saving. All dairy women ought also to know that it is a rule idea, and a loss instead of a gain to the proprietor, to sell cheese of a single particle of butter; and for the two reasons, because a pint of cream will produce more than treble the quantity of curd than a pint of skimmed milk will give: and because a cheese, with all the butter left in it, will lose very little of its weight by keeping, whereas that from which the butter has been so anciously taken, will loose one-third of its original weight in twelve months.—*Edgr. Rep.*

TRAGIC CODE AND POETICAL JUSTICE IN HUNGARY.—Letter from Constantinople Porter, American Charge des Affaires at Constantinople, to the editor of the Sporting Magazine—on the summary treatment of Founder at Horses, by Turkish Veterinary Surgeons.

Ancient Charleston, South Carolina, April 21, 1827.

Dear Sir.—There is a very ancient who are "judges of horse flesh," and I make no pretensions to that sort of knowledge. I am going, however, to relate what I have seen, and if it is worth knowing, it is well; if not, it is the easiest thing in the world to throw one in the fire.

Some years ago I bought a very good horse in the bazaar, for which I paid nine hundred piasters, or fifty dollars. Some thought he was dear at that price, as you may for five or six hundred piasters buy here such a horse as no gentleman need be ashamed to mount; however, I was much pleased with my bargain. On my second leave for Pera to this place, the horse was ridden very hard, and on his arrival at Top Thana, a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, was pronounced to stand in a cold wind and rain two hours, without being rubbed down or walked about; consequently he became lame in the right fore leg, so that he could scarcely walk.

I sent for a Turkish farrier, the one who attends the Sultan's horses. He immediately pronounced the horse wounded, and said he must be bled in the inside of the diseased leg. He put a nipper on the vein to keep him steady, then took up the leg, and crossing it over the right, gave it to an attendant; he then struck his lancet into the vein a little above the fetlock joint, and took from it about three and a half pounds of blood—the vein bled very freely. He now said, he had taken enough; he then went in the very opposite side of the leg, and at long last lancet into a vein above the knee joint, a single drop of blood exuded, and both that and the first opened were instantly ceased bleeding. There may be no novelty in this, but it certainly astonished me; for I, that morning two years in the same land, had seen a man with both knees bleeding; such, however, is the fact, for I write need it.

He directed that the horse should rest the next day, that he should then be rode with great violence until he was in a profuse perspiration, the diseased limb then to be rubbed with wet salt, (in which I added a pint of hot brandy,) then rubbed dry, and walked about until cool, and covered with blankets; the same process to be repeated next day, which was done, and all lameness from that time disappeared—the horse the third day after the first rubbing, was perfectly well.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

Be it Remembered, That on the twenty eighth day of June, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, John Fanshawe, of the said District hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"Christ Receiving" &c. &c. &c.

An Appeal to the Jews, &c. &c. &c.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and also to an Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JOHN W. OTLEY,
Clerk of the District.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

Be it Remembered, That on the twenty third day of July, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty two, DAVID CLARKSON, of the said District, has deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A Catechism of American Law. Adapted to popular Use. The right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy Rights."

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District.

Families and Country Merchants

LOOK AT THIS.

AT the Market House above Eighth.—Marine shawls and scarfs, various patterns at half price.

Do. do. do.